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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Just Writing

THOSE curious people who insist upon the good instead of being content with the easy and are called "high brow" for their pains, are supposed to be responsible for all this talk about good writing. What do I care about good writing, says John Smith; I want a book with stuff and a story in it. Tell me more of matter and less of manner. I am sick of æsthetic twiddlings!

So are the twiddlers, for it begins to seem impossible to get through the average head that just good writing never interested anyone but virtuosos and dilettantes, unless substance was changed into expression that way. What is good writing if not saying something well; and who ever thrilled over a line of poetry, or grew excited in a fine climactic chapter, or rose to a speech in a play, unless it opened meanings, stirred emotions, gave over ideas and emotions that plain, dull writing never would yield? Anyone with half an imagination can sit at home and tell himself the essential substance of all the great stories in the world. The difference when he reads them is in the writing, for if the great writers saw and felt more than he did it was only good writing that enabled them to say so.

Study the writing of a book and you study everything in it; enjoy the writing of a book and you enjoy everything in it; for the shortest cut to the heart of a book is by way of the author's style, provided it is not read in nit-wit fashion, mumble, skip, and guess through the pages, reducing a fine story to the level of movie melodrama or a poem to a jingle. Shakespeare's plays can be read just for the narrative, but what is the use!—Lamb's tales are shorter and easier; the libretto of the opera is quicker going than Goethe's "Faust." The greatest comic character in English literature, that huge bombard of wit, Sir John Falstaff, is lovingly built up, phrase by phrase, of the finest and most subtle writing, until upon a substratum of mere fun is erected a wit, a poet, and a philosopher. To say, I care nothing for the manner of writing, it is only the matter that interests me, and to apply that to Falstaff, is to laugh when he falls on his stomach or goes to sleep after sack, and to miss all that infinite jest which makes him Falstaff. Otis Skinner's performance in the recent revival of Henry IV, part 1, by the Players exceeded any other of memory precisely because he acted up to the level of the quick words—now lovely, now pointed, now resounding, like slap-sticks—of that magnificent part.

There are good books, like Dreiser's "American Tragedy," that are not well written except in happy moments, but this is not an argument, it is a misfortune. There are excellently written books, like Aldous Huxley's "Two or Three Graces," or Wilbur Steele's short stories, that say little, but this is a definition, not a criticism, of good writing. Be thankful for a well written book even when its consistency is lace-like. If the mastodons of literature, who say they have so much to say, could write as well as Huxley or Beerbohm or Conrad or Tarkington, perhaps they would merely expose their emptiness.

If one is to pick up and examine that elusive animal, criticism, the ear marked writing is at least as good a grip as the other marked subject matter. It is well, of course, to hold him by both, but the first is less slippery. And many a good book is "done in," as the good phrase runs, because the amateur critic is too prejudiced by the subject to see what the author really says about it. Hervey Allen's "Towards the Flame" was a better book than "Fix Bayonets," but less popular because the public wanted its war spread thickly in propaganda fashion. A fair conclusion as to the merits of William Ellery Leonard's "Two Lives" is better arrived at by way of its superb writing than by a discussion of the personal story that lay behind.

Llewelyn Powys's "Verdict of Bridlegoose" is a

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To Lieut. E. S. C.

(*Killed February* 5, 1918)

By S. FOSTER DAMON

I WONDER what you have become,
Into what corner of the air
Your soul has spread. I do not care
About the body, chilled and dumb,
Which was the outward part of you,
The cloak you borrowed from the earth
For the necessity of birth,
That part that was least real, least true.

Where have you gone? There is so much
To say, that we have never said!
No words can reach you, but instead
There must be some plane we can touch,
Some subtle state of consciousness
In which we two can meet, some way
To help relieve the bitterness.
There is so much I want to say.

Can you hear me, where you have gone?
Is there no path? See, I have drawn
Within myself so far from all
That I can scarcely hear my blood
Pulsing about the outer wall. . . .
No answer. Only the dark flood
Of silence, echoing my call.

This Week

"The Arcturus Adventure." Reviewed by *Herbert Ravenel Sass.*

"Maya Architecture" and "The City of the Sacred Well." Reviewed by *A. M. Tozzer.*

"Blues." Reviewed by *James Weldon Johnson.*

"Ulysses." Reviewed by *E. S. Bates.*

"Joan of Arc." Reviewed by *Matthew Josephson.*

"British Drama." Reviewed by *Glenn Hughes.*

"History of the United States." Reviewed by *W. A. Robinson.*

"The Mind of John Keats." Reviewed by *J. Middleton Murry.*

"Chimes." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

Next Week, or Later

Stuart P. Sherman. By *Mary M. Colum.*

The Poet of the Rosary*

By CAMERON ROGERS

ONE remembers playing, a small boy, almost twenty years ago in a pasture in a California canyon and hearing upon the dusty road in the manzanita scrub two sets of hoofbeats converge, halt for an instant, then pass on their different ways. One can hear now the voices of the riders, loud in the still sunlight, in a casual greeting, and see the men themselves.

"Buenas Dias, Alfredo."

"Hasta Luego, Senor Roèrz."

And one rode on, integral with the motion of his pony's Spanish trot, like a centaur, while the other, an old Californian ranchman, turned a little in his Mexican saddle and, watching, swept a hand.

"Muy Caballero," he murmured; "Vaya con Dios."

He who, thus apostrophized, rode on with God, was Robert Cameron Rogers, a poet not the greatest of whose lyrics, "The Rosary," is his only well-known poem. "Muy Caballero" he rode away between the five oaks, to die a year or two later, in his prime, while the brown, grey-mustached sad-eyed men who had known and loved that gallant presence in their hills, the Alfredos and Robertos and Horadios, rode down from them to tell a prayer upon their beads beside his coffin as a last salute to El Padrone. Save by the men who knew him personally Rogers, like the best of his poetry, is today unknown—but his memory is still green in the Santa Ynez and San Rafael and wild, silent valleys behind the coast range where once he hunted and made his camps. There one has heard to the sad dissonance of an old and cracked guitar the words of his famous song, sung in curious English by aged Californians who in the old days had ridden in his company. Broadshouldered, superbly built, with a straight profile and hair and mustache that curled a little, almost gold, he is the brightest memory of their lives even as these were once illumined and made pleasant by his bounty. Ragged riders from far and lonely canyons who, lax in their high pommelled saddles, once sang that plaintive ditty,

No tengo madre
No tengo padre
Ni perito che me ladre

found in El Padrone their mother and their father if not the pathetic tertiary lack of their complaining.

But in Bob Rogers of Buffalo a diversity of men had found qualities to esteem long before he went west to live in Santa Barbar between the mountains and the sea in a mansion so impractically spacious that today it stands empty in its famous gardens, typical of the methods of the man who built it. Contemporaries so divergent in type as Ellery Sedgwick and Bainbridge Colby, Frank Crowninshield and William Lyon Phelps, remember the fluid brilliance of his talk and the featliness of a wit undulled either by his learning or his careless life. David Gray, a man of letters who knew him intimately, recalls him today as being, with Arthur Brisbane, one of the two most brilliant men that he has known. The promise of his early maturity was absolute in its distinction and these men of his generation who were his friends may still wonder with regret that it knew no fuller burgeoning. A thin book of notable yet largely unknown poems

*The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. 1926. $2.50.

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and two forgotten volumes of prose constitute all its fruition. Indeed the only observation that may justly be made upon his career by men no whit less splendidly endowed but far more excellent in perseverance, is that he was, all his days, as the vacqueros called him, "muy caballero."

Born in Buffalo in 1862, the only son of the Honorable Sherman S. Rogers and Christina Cameron Davenport Rogers, he was destined by his father for the law, by his mother for any unhazardous career, and by himself, when he grew old enough to establish a preference, for West Point and the army. It may be that his parents would have indulged this wish had not Custer been wiped out on the Little Big Horn just as the young Rogers was winding up his domestic campaign for the Point. A waif word to the effect that all West Pointers went west on graduation to administer correctives to Sitting Bull reached his mother almost at the same time and decided the issue. He went to Yale, graduating at one and twenty in the class of 1883. For the next few years he travelled abroad, studied at the Harvard Law School and worked without great application in the law office in Buffalo of Rogers, Locke, and Milburn, of which his father was the senior partner and of which today the distinguished John G. Milburn is the last living representative. It was not long before he thoroughly convinced himself that the law offered a career for which he possessed not the slightest predilection. Instead of studying cases he proved resolute in the composition of verses, and short stories which were published in the early nineties under the title, "Old Dorset: Chronicles of the New York Countryside." After a time he eschewed altogether all pretense at an interest in calfbound volumes the very titles of which lulled him, unresisting, to slumber, and growing weary also of a life to which he had early become accustomed, an existence cushioned and comfortable in New York clubs such as the Century of which for some years he was the youngest member, he went out to California, a state as yet comparatively virgin, or at least untouched by the motion picture industry and unendowed by fashion. In "The Rose Dawn," a novel by Stewart Edward White, of the earlier days on the Pacific Coast, there exists this sketch of him as he was in his thirties. In this novel Gordon Carlson is Bob Rogers.

"He . . . was a poet, and one with a very genuine voice. He was also a hard rider, a tremendous climber of mountains, a redoubtable poker player, an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, and a conscientious punisher of booze. His poems were exquisite, but he concealed the side of him that produced them as though it were a vice . . . Gordon Carlson would have resented being called a poet as he would have resented an epithet. He was sick and tired of poets, and he did everything he could think of in the way of rude, rough, coarse things to prove he did not belong to that breed. In the long run it spoiled his hand and limited his output, which was a tremendous pity."

And again:

". . . this . . . was a well built man of medium height, with a wind-reddened face, a flaxen moustache and bright blue eyes. One would have taken him for a ranchman, or better still, a deep sea sailor."

The limning in these passages is crude but some of it is to the life though it was not contempt for poets that limited the output of Robert Cameron Rogers and while his hand was often and lamentably idle, it was never spoiled. David Gray has more accurately hit on the reason for the frustration, if we judge by results, of what might have been a notable career in letters.

"He loved living and sitting in the sun better than working so he never developed his mine but at that he has written some of the best poetry in the language. . . . It makes some of us who knew him weep to think what he would have done if he had gone on beyond his first literary phase and coined his mature thought in his mature manner . . ."

Inherited wealth, cancelling the obligation of hard work, made of his life an easy schedule of tomorrows that proved ever pleasant but ever barren of yield though no one was more conscious than himself of a routine of existence that, judged by conventional standards, remained a masterpiece of genial laziness. Indeed there are Yale men of his generation today who remember the epitaph that in his twenties he composed for himself.

"He was patient in the pursuit of pleasure, and ambitious for his father."

It was in 1894 that he wrote the lyric for which he is best known, "The Rosary" and shortly after its publication it was set to the music of Ethelbert Nevin with the result that, as a song, it has gained more popularity than, perhaps, any other ever written. During this decade too were published "For the King, and other Poems," "The Wind in the Clearing and other Poems," and "Will o' the Wisp," a novel of the war of 1812. In 1906 John Lane published in one volume all his poems, a book that is today extremely rare. In red boards with a rosary wrought with garish effect upon the cover, "The Rosary and Other Poems" is with booksellers now only a memory. Its capitalization of a widely-known lyric came to displease Rogers since in merit as a poem this is far exceeded by others from his pen. Touching this fact Professor William Lyo Phelphs in "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" has this to say:

". . . His book of poems, called "The Rosary," appeared in 1906, containing the song by which naturally he is best known. Set to music by the late Ethelbert Nevin, it had a prodigious vogue, and inspired a sentimental British novel, whose sales ran over a million copies. The success of this ditty ought not to prejudice readers against the author of it; for he was more than a sentimentalist, as his other pieces prove."

* * *

After his death it was long the intention of his sisters, Mrs. Alexander Sedgwick and Mrs. Charles MacVeagh, to bring out a volume in which "The Rosary" might play a less overwhelming part and one more properly its due but it was not until 1926 that a publishing house, the executive of which is the Poet's nephew, achieved this project. The book issued by the Dial Press may be considered as the definitive collection of poems which, save in Edmund Clarence Stedman's "American Anthology" of 1900, have never been given a wider currency than that afforded by single and small original editions, today almost entirely absorbed by rare book collectors.

What Stewart Edward White has written in description of Gordon Carlson's attitude towards poets in "The Rose Dawn" is true to that character's prototype in this measure. Rogers did always sedulously conceal the fact that he wrote poetry, largely from a somewhat exaggerated distaste for that type of poetaster peculiar perhaps to the nineties, whose best effects were achieved in the assumption of an esoteric manner and a monstrous fashion in dress. His intimate friends only, knew that he had published two or three volumes of verse that had received both in England and America the ephemeral distinction of contemporary critical acclaim. Posthumously, however, the fact that during his lifetime he labored to conceal, achieves, at the reading of a new and final selection from his work, a decisive and overwhelming reality. No poet of his generation and few in the history of American letters handled verse forms with a virtuousity of execution more brilliant or of more beautiful effect. In his personality and largely in his verse he was blood kindred to the Cavaliers, a relationship not in a singular instance displayed, but over and over again. The song "In Absence" as well as "The Rosary," is a testament of this.

"The sky is blue, is blue, today,
  The landward hills are green, men say:
I do not know, I cannot see,
  For I am blind, away from thee.

"Men say the breakers stoop and run,
  Loud laughing in the noonday sun:
I do not know, I cannot hear,
  For I am deaf, save thou art near.

"The coverts of the live-oaks sing,
  Men say, with tuning notes of Spring:
For me Spring is not yet—thou art
  The absent April of my heart."

For sheer excellence and beauty the two finest poems that he wrote are "The Blind Polyphemus" and "Charon" both executed in blank verse. Against such lines as these the melodies of his songs are minor ones, tinkling and something frail. Indeed with "The Dancing Faun," "Odysseus at the Mast," the sonnet "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills," and "Lochaber No More," they form the continent of his distinction and eminence as a poet. Lyrics such as "A Health at the Ford," "A Ballad of Dead Camp Fires," "The Maverick," and "The Prospector," which Stedman so much admired, all possess a genuine and more than musical charm but the perceptive and capable anthologist will, when the time comes, pass them over for the purer metal. The poem "To Great Britain" is in a class by itself. Never, perhaps, so long as a diminishing homogeneity of population in America succeeds in preserving its consanguineous relationship with the Mother Country will it cease to be a true and stirring expression of friendship and respect.

In the Dial Press edition of his poems there are none that Rogers in the exercise of his maturest self criticism would have failed to include. There are none that have not been reviewed, appraised, and passed upon though most of the critics beneath whose hands, now almost thirty years ago, they lay, are either dead or forgotten. Republished, fourteen years after the death of their author, they are as quick in beauty and in strength today as then they seemed to the literary gentlemen of the reviews and to the few who read them. In the not extensive treasury of American poetry they constitute a perpetual deposit.

In 1898 Rogers was married to Beatrice Fernald of Santa Barbara and for the next fourteen years he lived in California, travelling at frequent intervals in Europe, playing polo, hunting big game in Wyoming, administering the destinies of a newspaper, the Santa Barbara Press, which he owned, and, very occasionally, writing. In the Spring of 1912, after a hard game of polo, he was seized with what a negligent physician believed to be a simple digestive disorder. He had, however, planned to go upon a hunting trip and in spite of an indisposition which grew hourly worse, he went, returning a few days later, critically ill. Too late he was operated upon for appendicitis and though for a time he rallied, the poison was too virulent to combat and he died of septic peritonitis in the early weeks of April. He had lived only two months of his fifty-first year.

* * *

Considered quite apart from his poetry, his personality was such that men who knew him only as a fellow traveller, a hunting companion, or casual acquaintance remember him vividly as one to whom they gave without thought and without regret their confidence and their admiration. He was, as the Gael phrases it, *duine-asail*, and like his ancestor, Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, he possessed a following among all classes of men no less hot in their loyalty and affection than a Highland clan. There is a story told of a dinner given in a San Francisco club many years ago to which were asked with their guides a number of gentlemen well known as big game hunters in the West. While Rogers, one of the speakers, was in action, an individual doubtless dyspeptic, inquired of his neighbor who the dude was who was doing all the talking. His neighbor, a citizen of Wyoming of the stamp which the red men fondly believed they had exterminated with General Custer, turned on him a sombre eye as hard as an agate marble.

But for that generation of men who remember in Robert Cameron Rogers the sportsman, the wit, the lovable and charming friend, the sands are running out. With them may pass the memory of the man; he who chose to sit in the sun rather than to develop a mine of noble promise; to gain an easy eminence among a few rather than to dominate by a talent of the first order a multitude; to write a handful of beautiful things which by reason of a sad frugality are little known rather than a number which in quality would not have suffered for their quantity. With it may also pass one's sense of riches squandered, of a golden talent napkined and hid away, and that work which he did achieve may be enjoyed as the ultimate and conclusive product of his abilities. And yet, it were a tragedy if this should come to pass, if the memory of so gallant and debonair a gentleman should utterly fade. For those who knew him, the men of letters, the scholars, the sportsmen, the vacqueros and hard-bitten ranchmen of the west, it was his personality more than his poetry that won and held their love. "Muy caballero" said of him the Californians. They would have said no more had he been Crichton or the Great Montrose.

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A Glittering Book

THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE. By WILLIAM BEEBE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by HERBERT RAVENEL SASS
Author of "The Green Places"

IT is hard to find a precedent for William Beebe. Certainly White of Selbourne is not his literary ancestor. Neither is Richard Jeffries. From Hudson he is still further removed, in method if not in spirit. On the printed page, at any rate, he has comparatively little in common with Muir or with Burroughs. He does not belong with Fabre, though here there is a certain kinship. Perhaps—allowing for the differences between Wallace's period and Beebe's—Alfred Russel Wallace, in his Malayan and South American books, is really nearer to him than any of these. Yet, when one undertakes to compare the travel books of Wallace and Beebe, one soon concludes that it would be difficult to find two more dissimilar personalities. The long and short of it is that William Beebe is doing a kind of writing which is as nearly new as anything can be under our sun and which, as its great popularity demonstrates, is exceedingly effective.

Beebe is three things. He is a very solid and an admirably comprehensive scientist; he is a literary craftsman whose prose is vigorous, quick, sparkling with color, as modern as the radio; he is an explorer and an adventurer in far lands and strange seas, an adventurer who loves adventure for its own sake. When such a man heads a splendidly equipped scientific expedition for the investigation of the animal life of the Sargasso Sea and the Humboldt Current in the region of the Galapagos Islands, the results are certain to be noteworthy.

* * *

"The Arcturus Adventure," a beautifully made and beautifully illustrated book, is one result. In it Mr. Beebe gives "a scientifically accurate, popular presentation of the high lights and vivid experiences of the expedition." There will be other results—technical zoölogical papers, some of them of great importance; but these will be of interest mainly to scientists, and they will be in large part incomprehensible to the ordinary reader. "The Arcturus Adventure," perhaps the best example we have yet had of Mr. Beebe's gift of "prismatic English," is a book for everyone who is stirred by the strange and beautiful in nature, by exciting and decidedly unconventional adventure, and by a true tale well told.

Before this, Beebe's books, all of which are true tales, have given best-selling novels a hard race. "The Arcturus Adventure" deserves as great popularity as the best of its predecessors. All his books are wonderfully alive, and in none is there more life, more color than in this one. It is crammed with memorable things, and these range all the way from a climb up the scorching lava-strewn sides of an erupting volcano to a study of Copepods, creatures scarcely larger than pin-points but so abundant that over wide areas they stain the ocean red. The book wipes out the old romance of the Sargasso Sea as a graveyard of Spanish galleons and pirate ships entangled for centuries in vast floating meadows of weed. In fact, it all but disposes of the Sargasso Sea itself, since when the Arcturus visited the region there were no extensive weed meadows to be seen. But it is characteristic of Beebe's amazingly active mind that the chapter on the Sargasso is one of the most absorbing in the volume because, as the author puts it, a thousand and one other interests and problems rushed in to fill the vacuum.

The book is not a continuous narrative of the voyage. From the Sargasso Sea it jumps to a point in the Pacific where the expedition came upon a strange "rip," a line in the water, marking the meeting place of two great ocean currents. If there is a thing which Beebe loves more than any other, it is to describe, in the most minute detail yet with a vividness which makes us see the picture whole, the life of some limited area—the life of four square feet of jungle, say, or the life inhabiting a single tree in that jungle. Here he describes the teeming life inhabiting a line, a line of water, utilizing in the capture of its marvelously varied denizens much of the novel and elaborate collecting apparatus with which the Arcturus was equipped.

Perhaps the most dramatic chapters are those in which the author relates his adventures under water at the bottom of the Pacific where, with a diver's helmet over his head and his body and limbs unprotected, he consorted with big sharks, great sea lions, huge devil-fish, and innumerable other water folk less impressive but more beautiful. For the bird lover there is a chapter on albatrosses, describing, among other things, a visit to an albatross rookery—an experience which few ornithologists have enjoyed. Cocos Island, that celebrated haunt of pirates, is the subject of two chapters which Ruth Ross, staff historian of the expedition, helped write; and perhaps the best chapter of all, by Beebe himself, is "Seventy-Four; An Island of Water," which must be passed by here without explanation of its odd title but with an earnest recommendation to all those who delight in following the darting, flashing thrusts of Beebe's speculative mind.

In so short a space one cannot do justice to so rich a book. It is a kaleidoscopic, glittering book, bright with Beebe's joy in color, swift with his joy in action. With all this, it is solid. It is the book of a *savant*, but a delightfully human *savant*, more human, infinitely more alive than most of us. The ordinary scientists would have called the book "The Arcturus Expedition." To Beebe, the adventurer-scientist, it is "The Arcturus Adventure."

Color plates, both gorgeous and exquisite, by Dwight Franklin, Helen Tee-Van, Isabel Cooper, and Don Dickerman, many photographs, and two drawings by Charles Livingston Bull, profusely illustrate the text.

WOMAN WITH A WREATH. From a lekythos in the Berlin Museum.

From "Ancient Furniture," by Gisela M. A. Richter (Oxford University Press).

Architecture and Romance

MAYA ARCHITECTURE. By GEORGE OAKLEY TOTTEN. Washington, D. C.: The Maya Press. 1926.

THE CITY OF THE SACRED WELL. By T. A. WILLARD. New York: The Century Company. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. TOZZER
Harvard University

WITH the arrival of archæological discoveries in Yucatan on the front pages of our newspapers, our American criterion of what is "important," one may safely say that Maya Archæology has become at last a subject of interest to the general public. A few years ago one often had to turn to the long out-of-print books of Stephens or to the dry and uninteresting Memoirs of museums to gain any knowledge of this subject. The situation is far otherwise today. The archæologist has perhaps fallen behind the layman in presenting this field of archæological investigation to the world at large as a subject of general interest.

The two books under review are both by non-archæologists, the first written by an architect and the second by a business man. Major Totten's work would be correctly described in the reviewer's parlance as a "most sumptuous volume." The author first became interested in the Maya field as the result of a commission to plan a building to house a collection representing American Indian art. He visited Yucatan and immediately discovered the architectural importance of the Maya civilization.

After an introductory chapter on the historical background of this culture, drawn from the chronology of Morley and Spinden, there is a detailed and most interesting study of all the architectural features including prototypes, civic planning, the substructures, the temples, and the corbelled vault. The unique character of the stone construction and of the decoration is a criterion of the individuality of this pre-Columbian civilization along material lines as the remarkable calendar is an indication of the intellectual achievements of this gifted people.

The beautiful reproduction of over one hundred plates containing plans, photographs, drawings, and reconstructions both from the earliest as well as from the latest works makes available in one place the best material from every important source. The Carnegie Institution has kindly allowed the inclusion of the hitherto unpublished photographs of its great work now being carried on at Chichen Itza under the direction of Mr. S. G. Morley, the most spectacular as well as the most important piece of investigation ever undertaken in the Maya field. Major Totten's own photographs and plans are a very great addition and his attempts to show the original polychrome appearance of the Maya temples are, in most cases, very successful. I know of no single book where a better survey of the whole field of Maya Archæology can be obtained.

* * *

The second book on our list is mainly a panegyric of Mr. Edward H. Thompson, for many years American Consul in Yucatan and for a much longer time an ardent student of archæology working for the most part under the auspices of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University among the ruins of Yucatan, mainly at Chichen Itza, long owned by him. Mr. Willard has written a most entertaining book containing many myths and stories told to Mr. Thompson by the native inhabitants.

The main theme of the book centers around Thompson's work in dredging a great natural well or *cenote*, as it is called in Maya, at Chichen Itza, which early Spanish accounts inform us was an important place of pilgrimage for the people of the country and into which they threw men and women and their most sacred possessions. These reports have been amply verified and a very large and most remarkable collection came from the bottom of this great well. These specimens, now at the Peabody Museum, consist of skeletal material, carved jades, an abundance of gold and copper objects, wooden idols, pottery, and a large amount of copal which was used as incense. These offerings were all made to the gods of rain who had an important place in the Maya pantheon. There is little doubt but what the objects from this sacred cenote form the most varied as well as the most important collection ever gathered together from a single archæological site in the New World. It is probable that the main rites around this well took place from about 1200 to 1450 A. D. Many of the objects, however, date from many hundred years before, having been handed down from generation to generation until they found their final resting place, so far as their donors were concerned, in the great well.

Another remarkable discovery made by Don Eduardo, as the author and all his friends call him, was a vertical shaft running from the top of a great artificial pyramid down to its base and thence into the mouth of a natural cave where cremated remains were found enclosed in an alabaster vase with other grave deposits. The fascination of recovery of objects in the mud in the bottom of wells and in the shafts of pyramids is vividly told in Mr. Thompson's own words. He belongs to the Romantic School of Archæology,—every human being thrown into the well was necessarily a virgin and every descent into a cavern was accompanied by an encounter with huge boa-constrictors, sometimes fourteen and fifteen feet long. Mauve-colored doves and sweet-smelling orchids meet one on every hand.

There are excellent illustrations, both from photographs and from drawings, and the book is well written and entertaining. With some reservations, especially those regarding the origin of the Maya culture, one can obtain from it a very good account of Chichen Itza and of its treasures. The scientific publications of this piece of work have been far too long delayed and it is well to have this popular account available at the present time.

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Now We Have the Blues

BLUES. Edited by W. C. HANDY. With an introduction by Abbe Niles and illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

WHEN I wrote an essay on the Negro's Creative Genius as a preface to "The Book of American Negro Poetry," I made what was, perhaps, a startling statement by saying that the Negro was the creator of the only things artistic that have yet sprung from the soil and been universally acknowledged as distinctive American products. That was five years ago. Today the statement would not appear so startling, for since it was made the acknowledgment has widened with surprising rapidity that as a creator of American folk-art the Negro stands unapproached.

These folk contributions of the Negro may be grouped under four heads: religious songs, folk tales, dancing, and secular music. To these might be added Negro humor, for the humor of the Negro has not only permeated his folk tales, his dancing, and secular music, but constitutes a distinct influence in American life, an influence that is felt especially on the stage and, to some degree, even in literature. It has furnished a great many of the catch words and phrases that have been seized upon and made current. Curious it is to note the varying degrees in which recognition of these contributions to our common culture has been accorded to the Negro. For more than a century the Negro had been singing his Spirituals before their beauty and significance were recognized. For a still longer period the "ole folks" had been telling the plantation stories to the children of the South, both black and white, before Joel Chandler Harris collected the tales under the title of "Uncle Remus Stories" and made them a permanent part of American literature. The Negro was extremely fortunate in having as his amanuenses persons who, in addition to their other qualifications, were honest. The Spirituals were first collected and set down by white Northerners who came in contact with the Negroes of the South during or immediately after the Civil War. These collectors might have omitted to make the exclusive Negro origin of the songs a part of the record, and so the task might have devolved some day upon the Negro to establish his title as their sole creator. The plantation stories were collected and set down by a Southern white man who, had he failed to tell specifically where he got the tales and about their creators, might in time have been passed as an original and imaginative author, influenced by Negro life. The record in the case of the Spirituals and the plantation stories is now written and fully established.

* * *

Regarding his other contributions the Negro has not been so lucky. Dancing, so far as it is a native art in America, has been dominated almost absolutely by Negro influence. For generations "buck and wing," and "stop time" dances, which are strictly Negro, have been familiar to American theatre audiences. A decade or so ago the public discovered the "turkey trot," the "eagle rock," "ballin' the Jack," and several other varieties that started the modern dance craze. The 'tango," which quickly followed and became so popular, was originated by the Negroes of Cuba and later transplanted to South America. But professional exponents who exploited or drew upon Negro dances did not stop to explain the fact, nor could they reasonably be expected to do so. I know of but one exception, Mr. Vernon Castle, perhaps the most noted, and, by the way, an Englishman, who never danced except to the music of a colored band and never failed to state to his audiences that most of his dances had long been done by "your colored people," as he put it. And so the Negro has received only scant credit for his contribution of dancing; indeed, in great part, the credit has been deliberately taken from him. Note that during the past season a number of white vaudeville performers and teachers of dancing advertised themselves widely as "originators" of the world-circling "Charleston."

Something of the same thing has happened with regard to Negro secular music. The early blackface minstrels simply took such Negro songs as they wished and used them. The first of the so-called Ragtime songs to be published were set down by white men who affixed their own names as the composers. In fact, before the Negro succeeded in fully establishing his title as creator of his secular music the form was taken away from him and made national instead of racial. It has been developed into the distinct musical idiom by which America expresses itself popularly and by which it is known universally. For a while it was almost absolutely divorced from the Negro; and there was much publicity discussion as to which of the white jazz band leaders was entitled to the credit of originating the instrumental form. But the tide has set in the other way. The record with regard to Negro secular music is now being written, and may some day be as firmly established as it is in the case of the Spirituals and the plantation stories.

* * *

The latest phase in the development of Negro secular music is the blues. The distinctive characteristic (the "blue" note) of this newest form of Negro song has been exploited on Broadway for the past ten years, but the investigation and study devoted to the origin and development of the blues have been scant. In the preface referred to above I called attention to the importance of the blues as folksongs. Within the past two years serious efforts at collecting and appraising the words of these songs have been made by Miss Dorothy Scarborough and Messrs. Odum and Johnson. Mr. Carl Van Vechten gave a more analytical treatment of the subject and a more significant appreciation of these songs in a series of articles on blues and singers of blues. And now comes a most valuable collection with words and music edited by W. C. Handy and an introduction written by Abbe Niles. In this volume Mr. Handy has taken the first step to do the Negro secular music what has been done quite fully for the Spirituals and the plantation stories. He has brought together some fifty-odd examples arranged for voice and piano. There is, perhaps, no one who could have performed this task so well as Mr. Handy. He is a capable musician, and the very first musician to recognize the significance of the blues as music. It is fortunate, too, that he was located in the region along the lower Mississippi, where the blues had their origin and when they began to be widely sung. In 1912 Mr. Handy published the famous "Memphis Blues," which started a musical mode in Tinpan Alley and on Broadway. He continued writing down his lines from his memory of how Negroes had sung them; he revised the original words (for in many instances they could not be used), or adapted new words, and published a series of blues of every denomination. The arrangements in the present volume are well done. They represent as closely, perhaps, as our present system of notation permits the characteristic quality of the blues. These arrangements will offer some difficulties to the mediocre pianist, but they ought to prove exceedingly interesting to the musician. Besides the arrangements by Mr. Handy, there are included those by several other Negro musicians. There are also excerpts from music done in the "blue" mode by John Alden Carpenter, George Gershwin, and Jerome Kern. The songs in the volume lie close to the folk music and folk lines, but it is to be regretted that there are not more examples of the true, undiluted folk blues, and that it was not possible to include the "Memphis Blues."

Mr. Niles has written an interesting and informing introduction under six heads: The Folk-Blues as Verse, The Folk-Blues as Music, The Modern Blues, Adoption and Influence of the Blues, The Pioneers, and a Sketch of W. C. Handy. Mr. Niles devotes considerable space to technical discussion of the music and the form. The original folk-blues, however, interesting as they are musically, are still more interesting as verse. Mr. Niles sagely observes, "What has caught the attention of white song writers who were indifferent to the musical devices by which it was expressed—is an unconscious philosophy between the lines, of making a little mirth of one's troubles while one dwells on them; of choosing as the reaction to disaster, laughter instead of tears." Again Mr. Niles says, "A Spiritual is a matter for choral treatment; a blues was a one-man affair." In this rather awkward phrase Mr. Niles gets down to the essence of the blues, to their *raison d'être*. The blues are primarily the philosophical expression of the individual contemplating his situation in relation to the conditions surrounding him. Most often they are the lament of a lover who is feeling "blue." Many of the lines contain real flashes of primitive poetry. It is for these reasons that the blues are interesting and valuable as verse.

For example, the line:

> My man's got teeth like a lighthouse by de sea.

The same thought, slightly sophisticated, is found in the following stanza of Handy's "St. Louis Blues:"

> You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine,
> Lak he owns de Di'mon Joseph line.
> He'd make a cross-eyed woman go stone blin'
> Blacker dan midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
> Blackest man in de whole of St. Louis,
> Blacker de berry—sweeter is de juice.

Or note the wisdom in the following lines:

> You can always tell when yo' gal is treatin' you mean
> You can always tell when yo' gal is treatin' you mean
> Yo' meals ain't reglar—yo' house ain't clean.

Mr. Niles says that the whole philosophy of the "blues" poetry is summed up in the line:

> Got de blues, but too dam' mean to cry.

Despite any shortcomings, the book is a valuable contribution to the literature of American folk-lore and folk music. The publishers deserve praise for the manner in which the book is printed and bound. The beautiful illustrations of Miguel Covarrubias alone make the book worth the price.

Old Age Hath Yet His Toil

ULYSSES IN ITHACA. By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE best of all the tales of Ulysses is found not in Homer but in Dante, where the latter meets the flame-enshrouded hero, punished in Hell—as no Greek would have punished him—for his many lies, and hears from his lips the story of his last voyage, of how after he had returned from Troy

> The thought of my sweet child, the pious care
> My father needed, and the love wherein
> I should have whelmed Penelope's despair,
> All were as nothing, so I yearned to win
> Further experience, what the world might be,
> And learn the course of valor and of sin.
> I went my way alone o'er the wide sea,
> With but a single bark and followers few,
> A little band of tried fidelity.

to go down at last far in the southern seas, beaten but undaunted.

It is this legend of the aged Ulysses which Mr. Mather has taken as the basis of his drama. We are first shown the veteran warrior, weary of the peace and comfort of Ithaca, repining for further voyages, and neglecting the petty duties of his kingdom for the roystering companionship of his old comrades. Telemachus who does not approve of such waywardness in his father endeavors to mend the old man's ways by asserting that he can no longer bend the mighty bow that slew the suitors. In a poignant scene Ulysses makes the attempt and fails. But the result has the opposite effect from what Telemachus intends. Realizing that his time is short, Ulysses speeds his departure.

> Hear then what the failure with the bow means to me. It means in truth that strength leaks away, and scant time is left wherein to get glory. It fastens in my heart and will to sail forth while yet that strength suffices. And if I spend on the wine-dark sea in a few months, the strength that might provide another score of years of fireside sitting—why it is well spent.

Mr. Mather has succeeded admirably in his picture of high-hearted courage, of old age that refuses to be subdued. "Ulysses in Ithaca" is conceived with fine imagination and executed with judgment and restraint.

The Saturday Review
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A Modern's Joan of Arc

JOAN OF ARC. By JOSEPH DELTEIL. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

JOSEPH DELTEIL has written a novel about Joan of Arc. In fact it is neither novel nor biography; it is a brief epic of one of the most beautiful legends men have ever dreamed. Only a truly primitive and simple mind, like the Greek, Homer can approach the epic; and Delteil is both "primitive" and highly contemporary. He knows the ills and torments of the modern flesh, and has at once the brutal vigor and immodesty of younger races. If his book is history, then it is history revivified through clairvoyant passion; if it is a novel, then he has given it a new form through the most spirited invention. His "Joan of Arc" is a shameless masterpiece that one reads as avidly as a detective story.

It is important for us to know Joseph Delteil. He is the bull of the French literary shop. He is in bad repute with the older academies; yet the newer ones give him prizes, and an immense public now consumes his ingenuously profane works.

The "modern style" is something we have already come to recognize in certain men: James Joyce, André Gide, Paul Morand—something frightfully specific in its method and yet proceeding by huge mental skips and leaps; full of dissonance, when we think of the Victorian harmonics; above all full of associations and images that are linked with the contemporary current of modes, machines, toothpaste, and propaganda. Some of the men we think of as "modern" have schooled themselves to work in this manner; others are merely pretentious; in a few it is involuntary, they are born to it.

* * *

Delteil's writing is an essay of such methods. His is a spectacular case, in reality, for in comparison with the other men of letters he has the air of being *unlettered*. He was a provincial boy who found in himself the same sheer ease and instinct for writing that some of our musical prodigies have for fiddling. Yet in the atmosphere of the twentieth century it was inevitable that he should conceive Joan as "a girl of France, wearing silk stockings, a stenographer . . . a shopgirl perhaps, in the *Galéries Lafayette.*" In another it would admittedly be pretense to write of a Saint in such tabloid terms; in Delteil it is involuntary, it is perfectly sincere.

A great many good people in France were offended; the Maid of Orleans is one of their cherished legends and this strange young man who professed to love the idea of Joan more than anyone else had written his book without taking his boots off. Yet once you have recovered from the shock of his burly speech you will perceive that his faith is very great, that his religious emotion is genuine. It is easy to think of other people who have "brought history up to date." I prefer to liken Delteil to those early Christian writers who carried their reverence and zeal for Christ to the most colorful and barbarous excesses.

Delteil ignores much of the fact; yet his story is not only more substantially correct than that of either the pedants or the skeptics, but it is in a most important sense a period picture. It is as signally a reflection of our own time as a Renaissance painting of a biblical subject is of the Renaissance. One can imagine the antiquarians saying two hundred years hence, "This is typical early twentieth century." I hope that I have indicated to what extent Joseph Delteil and his time play their rôle in this mediæval legend without ever becoming dull.

"My Joan," he calls her. He admits to having a Joan of Arc complex. There is worse. In his first novel, "On the River Love" (a perfectly amazing work, by the way) Delteil has for his heroine a woman captain of the Russian White Guards who is certainly another maid of Orleans. He delights and riots in all the gratuities which compose such a legend, all of the prodigious myths which are bound up with Joan's childhood; her first teeth, her feedings, the functioning of her young organs and senses. He writes a Hymn to Milk. Nay, abandoned rhetorician that he is, he writes a Hymn to the Word:

> O Word, tetragrammatic and quadrangular word, assizes of the thought and framework of the mind, . . . smooth words and haughty words, . . . from your shoulders I suspend all the strings of my voice, and at your altar consecrate the members of my body!

Joan he paints with vivid, at times with microscopic, strokes: the stout, full-shouldered peasant girl, full of bird-like dreams, yet lusty and muscular in her pursuit of them. Delteil is prone to exaggeration, clownery, heroics. He disgresses with a beautiful abandon, always holding his great story in hand with a sustained excitement. It is true that his drastic language has the effect of someone speaking at the top of his voice. But as the career of Joan broadens to include the deliverance of a whole empire, Delteil himself grows in stature. To give the meaning of an event he is able to summon up a whole barrage of images, of *facts*.

As Joan enters Orleans in triumph his pages fairly squirm with energy and vivid detail:

> An indescribable emotion reigned in the city. People and things were submerged in a wave of hope and madness. Ten thousand torches were flaming under the moon. Gentles and simples, clerks and captains, elbowed and jostled in the public squares. An enormous hubbub, formed of howls and bravos, of hiccupping horses and giggling wenches rose from the seething crowd. . . .
>
> And now monks issued from their monasteries in great flocks crossing the ends of their beards with sweeping gestures. The more drunken soldiers broke their swords and threw the slivers to the winds. Delirium seemed to be falling from the moon in large yellow puddles. The frenzy seized even the public monuments and the trees in the municipal garden. . . .
>
> Joan advanced slowly. She was completely armed; her head was bare; her great black charger was chiselled from stone with sweeping blows *à la* Michel Angelo; her hair cut short *à la* Joan of Arc. . . . Women who carried babies in their arms came to present their progeny. The sick came to touch her armor and were drunk with health. Young people kissed her iron thighs with smacking lips. Old men slunk forward to pluck a hair from her horse's tail. Men of dignity were seen to perch on the bridle only to touch her limbs. . . . The bells rang in all their bronze. The trumpets sounded in all their brass.

Delteil proceeds through the camp scenes, the court conferences, then the capture and betrayal of the Maid, whipping himself up with the auto-intoxication of the great story teller. When the scene of her execution by burning comes you can see him almost pause theatrically, his pen poised. It is inconceivable that he can lash himself to still greater verbal ferocity. You can see the livid and explosive words gathering (as he himself says) "at the tip of his pen." Then comes a picture of the martyrization of Joan of Arc that is so charged with magnificent and horrendous detail, such a debauchery of "pity and terror" that I dare not cite from it. At this point also there occurs the apotheosis of the author's love for Joan of Arc,—his love is deeply tinged with sadism.

"Joan of Arc" is in one sense a test of the modern style; the trial of such an instrument upon a universal subject. In France the test has already met with success. For us the translator has happily in this case done everything possible. The text with its mixture of the latest colloquialism and the most obsolete terms, its brood of quarrelsome metaphors which are like angry bedfellows, seemed veritably inaccessible. It needed much nimbleness and virtuosity to attack this French and create the illusion of something written in English.

A Balanced Survey

BRITISH DRAMA. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by GLENN HUGHES

University of Washington

WITH the tremendous growth of interest in theatre and drama during recent years has developed the need of a great variety of reference books, general and specific. In the field of British drama no writer is making a better contribution of an historical and critical nature than is Professor Nicoll, of the University of London. In less than three years he has given us four books: "An Introduction to Dramatic Theory," "A History of Restoration Drama," "A History of Early-Eighteenth Century Drama," and now a survey of the entire field of British drama. If I am not mistaken, he has in preparation further volumes which will treat in detail the half-century periods from 1750 to the present time.

The magnitude of Professor Nicoll's task is rather staggering to the ordinary mind, but it does not seem to have staggered him in the least, for he writes as freshly and fluently in the final chapter of his fourth volume as he did in the first chapter of his first. He gives the impression of having analyzed without undue effort the dramatic material of many centuries, and his synthesis of this material is expressed clearly, logically, and, compared with most academic writing, interestingly. All his writing is, it must be admitted, academic in purpose and style. It is sober, accurate, and to a large extent impersonal. But for the serious student of drama it is almost perfect.

"British Drama" is a volume of five hundred pages. It begins with a discussion of the classical origins of drama, and then proceeds to an orderly development of the whole history of the theatre and its literature in England. Each division of the book is a terse summary of a well-defined period, and includes not only an illuminating discussion of the general characteristics of that period, but also brief synopses and critical comments on its representative plays.

Professor Nicoll has, naturally, some personal views of the drama, and these are well worth considering. One of them is a general theory: that drama throughout its long career exhibits a steady tendency toward "inwardness," that external action has gradually given way to inner conflict. He points to Maeterlinck as an obvious example of this tendency, and he also cites the Russian monodrama as a significant attempt to develop an "inward" type of play.

To the general reader of this book the later chapters will probably prove the most interesting, dealing as they do with living playwrights and present movements. Here the author shows himself to be a sound critic, catholic in taste, and unwarped by prejudices. Shaw, he believes, is by far the outstanding British dramatist of our age, and this view he supports by means of a concise analysis and evaluation of Shaw's principal plays. To Barrie he imputes skill, but not greatness; to Galsworthy power and sympathy, but not humor; to Yeats poetic beauty, but not dramatic power.

Such views of contemporary dramatists are not extraordinary. They are almost identical with those held by most intelligent people in the world. In fact there is nothing striking in Professor Nicoll's book—nothing to challenge the reader's mind, unless he be among those to whom the lack of challenge is itself a challenge. I for one do not believe in quarreling with books because they are peaceable. In these days of startling attitudes there should be a place for a few books with poise, for well-laid foundations are essential even to crazy structures. "British Drama" is a firm foundation for the student, and is, I believe, the best general survey book in its field.

A Cross-Section of History

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. Vol. III. By ELLIS PAXON OBERHOLTZER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. ROBINSON

Dartmouth College

THE third volume of Mr. Oberholtzer's history covers a period of approximately six years. The intensive character of his work naturally leads to some speculation as to how the phrase "since the Civil War" which appears in conjunction with "in five volumes" on the title page is to be interpreted in the remainder of the work. The mass of detail presented in the three volumes so far produced would seem to necessitate a change in method of presentation in the ensuing volumes. Otherwise, there must be a conclusion of the work somewhere about the close of the Harrison administration, or an indefinite extension in the length of the production. The author's industry in assembling material, and the entertaining character of his narrative, would seem to render the last alternative the more desirable. It should be pointed out, however, that this same method involves certain dangers. Since 1865 the United States has experienced revolutionary changes in its governmental, economic, and social life. Mr. Oberholtzer's intensive treatment renders it difficult to follow those broad currents of development whose flow was already perceptible before the close of the first Grant administration.

Six of the eight chapters in the present volume deal mainly with political topics, although the author devotes considerable space to the Panic of 1873 and its aftermath. While Mr. Oberholtzer seldom moralizes, being for the most part content to present his facts and let the reader draw conclusions, he remarks of the panic that it now seems, looking back upon the period,

> a visitation of Providence for the nation's reproof and eventual good. . . . Only some great cataclysm could bring the country to reason. Extravagance must give place to economy and thrift, speculation to careful industry; roguery must be punished and brought to an end.

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New standards, worthier example must be set before the uprising generation.

Immediate improvement, however, was not forthcoming.

The campaign of 1872 is presented in detail and certainly there are few better examples of the inherent weaknesses of the party convention system as an instrument for the selection of candidates for the office of Chief Executive. Mr. Oberholtzer deals sympathetically with Horace Greeley, the chief victim of that unfortunate affair, whose character and services entitled him to more considerate treatment than he received.

The second Grant administration is painted in dark colors and in spite of the fact that the author at times gives the impression that he is the prosecuting attorney rather than the judge on the bench, he is likely to secure a hanging verdict on the basis of the evidence submitted. He shows customs officers engaging in smuggling and blackmail, internal revenue officers taking bribes, incompetence everywhere, honest cabinet officers and members of Congress treated with ridicule or cynical disdain by the responsible party leaders. There was graft in the Navy Department, graft in the District of Columbia, graft in Congress, graft in the reconstructed states with a frequent accompaniment of riot and murder, jury packing in the Federal courts. There is also a certain timeliness in his description of the beneficiaries of the whiskey frauds, "men with small salaries, disporting themselves in precious stones, riding in fine carriages, living with their vulgar families at expensive hotels, maintaining summer homes." Corruption was a concomitant of the business long before the Prohibition era.

Such were some of the conditions when the country celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its independence, giving an opportunity to contrast the ideals of the founders of the republic "with those of the Babcocks and McDonalds, the Belknaps, Shepherds, and Ben Butlers, and the small, ignorant, vainglorious pretenders to the purple in statesmanship who were now in high places looking on, while these and other knavish men controlled our political life." The blackness of Mr. Oberholtzer's picture may detract from its strictly historical value, but the record is bad enough in all conscience.

The author gives a full and interesting account of the campaign of 1876 and the disputed election, pointing out that in spite of many discreditable aspects the net result was beneficial. Nothing could disguise the fact that there had been a decisive vote of lack of confidence in the Republican Party. President Hayes, on the other hand, was able to go further in the conciliation of the South than any Democrat would have been free to do under existing conditions. With his inauguration a better era began.

The political chapters are followed by one entitled "On the Plains and in the Mountains," and a somewhat encyclopedic and unsatisfying discussion of "Letters and Art." The narrative of western development will prove especially interesting to the general reader. The story of the frontier has certain epic qualities which even its frequent sordidness and brutality cannot obscure. The Indian wars, however, could probably have been averted or their extent and cruelty at least minimized by a more statesmanlike policy. Here, again, governmental inefficiency and dishonesty played their part. The soldier makes the best showing. He was seldom responsible for the policies which produced hostilities. Once he was charged with the work of suppressing Indian uprisings he performed his duty with courage, fidelity, and endurance, seldom appreciated. The wars of the seventies seem remote today. Travelers on the Burlington Route observe the famous battle ground on the Little Bighorn from Pullman windows, the old trails over which the commands of Terry, Crook, Howard, Custer, and Miles laboriously marched have been replaced by automobile roads. Yet it is hardly a year since the body of General Miles, the ablest fighter of them all, was borne to Arlington Cemetery, and "old timers" can still be found who played a part in those exciting events.

The present volume is not likely to be popular with that school of historical thought which believes that American history should always show virtue triumphant, democracy always divinely inspired, and our national leaders always impeccable in political and social relationships. Yet after all it may be said of this period as Macaulay said of the reign of William III, "It was the Nadir of the national character . . . but it was also the seedtime of great virtues."

Keats's Mind

THE MIND OF JOHN KEATS. By CLARENCE DEWITT THORPE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY
Author of "Keats and Shakespeare"

IT is remarkable how many minds have been drawn of late to the intensive study of John Keats. The literary historian might begin to trace three phases in the acceptance of the English romantic poets, as Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats have successively passed to the status of philosophic poets. Now we witness the flowing tide of Keatss's renown; and it may prove to be that, as his philosophic fame has come latest, it will last longest.

Mr. Thorpe's book does much to establish Keats's position as one of the most original and profound poetical thinkers of any age. Since we believe that this is indeed his rightful position, we welcome this comprehensive and thoughtful study of his mind, and welcome it the more in that it comes out of America. For in America, precisely because a new impetus has been given to the general appreciation of Keats by the extraordinary popular success of Miss Lowell's biography, there is no little danger that a wrong twist may be given to the study of Keats, and one Keats legend replaced by another—nearer to the facts, no doubt, but almost as remote from the truth.

Mr. Thorpe justly points out that Miss Lowell was not really concerned to follow or to present the remarkable development of Keats's thought. Yet it is by the depth and comprehensiveness of his exploration of the nature of poetry that Keats is chiefly distinguished from his contemporaries—themselves no ordinary exponents of poetic theory. It was by the sustained exercise of his faculties upon the poetic problem, working in fruitful combination with his prodigious native gift, that he achieved his singular power of self-criticism—a security of judgment upon his own poetry, and that of others, of which recognition has been delayed chiefly because the ideals by which he passed sentence upon himself were so exalted as to be almost invisible.

* * *

Mr. Thorpe reveals his unusual grasp of Keats's work at the outset by defining his problem as an attempt to apprehend and to expound the real meaning of the hackneyed phrase "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty." The great majority of readers of Keats pass over the words as either a self-evident commonplace, or a piece of almost uneducated æstheticism. Yet it would be strange indeed if "The Ode on a Grecian Urn," one of the profoundest poems in the language, should conclude with a commonplace or a vulgarity. In fact, the sudden equation of Truth and Beauty, at that point in Keats's poetic progress, represents a victory won after three years of unremitting spiritual effort. "That is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know" is so far from being a facile abandonment of all effort to comprehend "the mystery" that it is the considered utterance of an extreme of comprehension. Those two hackneyed lines, whose meaning every schoolgirl is confident she understands at sight, more than any other of Keats's pregnant utterances, need to be read with their author's memorable warning ringing in our ears: "We never really understand fine things till we have gone the same steps as the author."

On that sentence, and on the necessity of following it implicitly in the study of Keats, we would base our only serious criticism of Mr. Thorpe's book. He has neglected chronology. The only secure foundation for the study of Keats's thought is chronological: his development was so swift that his intuitions were continually in advance of his terminology. Phrases of 1819, which look like phrases of 1818, in reality bear a different meaning; and these differences of meaning are impossible to apprehend or to communicate unless the intervening slow gradations of metamorphosis have been traced. Keats's progress was, very definitely, organic; it may be described as an incessant readjustment of his complete self to all new experience. To grasp it, and the thoughts evolved by it, calls for something of that rare faculty which Goethe strove more consciously and more successfully than other men to practice, the *anschauende Urteilskraft*—perceptual thinking, undivorced from the object of sense.

By ignoring the chronological sequence, Mr. Thorpe tends to schematize, and so far to distort, Keats's thinking; and, in one or two points, he is led into considerable errors of fact, as when he asserts the words, "I am, however young, straining at particles of light in the midst of a great darkness," were written after some of the great Odes, whereas the significance of the words largely depends on the fact that they were written before them. Still more important, he takes Keats's rejection of the Miltonic influence as applying to the first "Hyperion" alone, whereas Sir Sidney Colvin has definitely established that it concerned the revised "Hyperion" as well. To realize that the revised "Hyperion" was also rejected by Keats as "the verse of art" is necessary to an understanding of his final attitude towards poetry, for it shows to what lengths he was prepared to go in self-criticism, and how ruthless was his rejection of the poetry of struggle. No matter how arduous the thought, how desperate the suffering out of which it was created, poetry for him must always come "as naturally as the leaves to a tree or it had better not come at all."

The great strength of Mr. Thorpe's book derives from the firmness with which he has seized the fundamentals, such as the decisive importance of the letter on Soul Making, and of the declaration concerning Beauty and Truth which immediately followed it. In relation to this conclusion he represents the main effort of Keats as one to harmonize his instinctive pursuit of beauty with his determination to recognize the validity of all actual experience. The reconciliation could only come with the discovery that the whole of experienced reality was beautiful. As Mr. Thorpe puts it, "for Keats the poet's realization of truth can come only through a harmonization of the whole realm of imaginative ideality with the visible world we know." To make that realization not a theoretical possibility but a direct experience was Keats's effort, in which he succeeded. His final identification of Truth and Beauty (Mr. Thorpe justly insists) had singularly little to do with the Platonic identity; it was an acceptance and a sanctification of the actual world, a declaration that its surpassing beauty could be perceived and revealed only by a mind which submitted itself to all experience, and, by being subdued to that it worked in, changed its own nature and became, by a painful and self-destroying yet still a natural process, no longer the consciousness of an individual, but of Life itself.

To the exposition of this arduous doctrine, which may be described as Coleridge's conception of poetry passed from theory into actual living, Mr. Thorpe has made a very valuable contribution. It is well that it should have come from America, where Professor Babbitt's stringent analysis of romanticism deservedly holds pride of place in modern philosophical criticism. What that criticism lacks, Mr. Thorpe's may supply, namely an awareness that it is possible for a romantic to achieve "centrality," and that, because there is a "contemplation" of the actual, there is a point, beyond both classicism and romanticism as Professor Babbitt conceives them, where realism and idealism are one.

The Tale of a University

CHIMES. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

IN "Chimes" Mr. Herrick has objectified experience, added observation and thought, and carried the profession he has followed for thirty years in the open, to be studied there on a compact and intense scale. It is of a university he treats, and of university life, concretely, exhaustively. Not in terms of an individual, as medicine finds a focal point in Martin Arrowsmith, but in terms of its collective self: president, faculty, and trustees; development and ideals; forces working from within and without. The story of "Chimes" is the history of Eureka University for more than a quarter-century; and the history of Eureka University, in everything that matters, is the history of the University of Chicago. The novel, then, is a document; its truth is less artistic than factual; its conclusions are shaped less by the impact of literary inevitability than by an actual history it takes no pains to veil and the greatest pains to elucidate.

Somewhere lately I read to this effect: "Barrett Wendell with feelings half of envy saw Robert Herrick and William Vaughn Moody leave Har-

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vard to throw in their lot with the growing fortunes of the West and teach at the University of Chicago." It was just at that moment that Beaman Clavercin of "Chimes," a young professor coming to Eureka from Harvard, and in whom I suspect we have a good deal of Mr. Herrick himself, stood looking at "the new university"—"a flat campus dotted with a half-dozen stone buildings, some still unfinished." Breaking with a different tradition, he had his doubts and hopes, and they must have been Mr. Herrick's also. Clavercin's disillusionment must have been Mr. Herrick's no less. Hopes ran high in those days under the presidency of the amazing Dr. Alonzo Harris of "Chimes," who almost single-handed was turning an idea into an institution with his own energy and a lumberman's millions. But in idealists like Clavercin, the high hopes were to to be destroyed, even though the institution was to grow many times over in size and strength. That is the inner fable of "Chimes," that is what, gravely and sardonically, Mr. Herrick paints—the growing ascendancy of a cheapening element in Eureka University, the curtseying to big business, to Babbittry, to Mrs. Grundy, the taint of self-interest, the failure to achieve scholarly or spiritual values; and among the scholars and visionaries, first their frustrations, and then their disillusion, their disgust, their indifference. Eureka's progress swings full-circle, from an initial policy of external development to an ultimate policy of external development; and it leaves an implicit sense of futility. For all its swarming outer life, this modern midwestern university is a trifle hollow.

* * *

Yet Mr. Herrick's picture is a fair one, unembittered, throwing less emphasis on essential failure than perhaps I have thrown, full only of the grave irony of one who cannot share or admire the university shaped from the new form of American civilization. His feelings are stated too implicitly to convert themselves into thesis, and never for a moment is "Chimes," in the affirmitive sense, a satire. It is a document, but only from an historical viewpoint; and though built on fact, even to people drawn straight from life or existing as composites of life, its significance is no less literary than factual. It has artistic value, not so much through form or technique or style, not so much through creative power—though it is deficient in none of these—as through what I can best call its *tone*. Its objectivity is pierced by the yearnings and frustrations and disillusionments of all the better men and women in the book, in a kind of vicariously personal utterance, a kind of unspoken understanding that carries it beyond the status of a mere document. And real and specific study of university life that it is, holding fast to its theme and seldom venturing into the personal lives of its people, "Chimes" has yet the virtue of identifying itself from time to time, without losing its value as a specific study, with a world less circumscribed than the campus. All its variety of characters—scholars, visionaries, panderers, snobs, failures, successes, radicals, conservatives, voluptuaries, ascetics—their level is higher than that of most, their interests are a little different, their talk concerned with a different "shop;" but to the point of platitude they epitomize the greater world as well as their own.

"Chimes" is a book Mr. Herrick must long have wanted to write. It is a book he was fitted to write. It turns facts into truth and the truth is not altogether definitive or alterable. It is fortunate there is nothing really tragic about Eureka University; for almost the whole American scheme of things would have to go before its deepest needs could be satisfied.

The Blindman Prize of $250, offered annually through the Poetry Society of South Carolina in commemoration of Hervey Allen's war poem, "The Blindman," has been awarded this year to an Englishwoman, Ruth Manning Saunders, of Trevaylor, Buryas Bridge, Penzance, Cornwall, England, for her poem, "The City." The judge of the present contest was Jay B. Hubbell, editor of the *Southwest Review*. The winning poem is a narrative of considerable length. The Blindman Prize is the largest in the world offered annually for a single poem, previous annual awards having been made to distinguished American poets. The prize is international in its scope, and the award now for the first time goes abroad to an English poet.

The Bowling Green

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his column.

Archimedes' Last Foray

"And . . . having sought for a lever wherewith to move the world . . . he was slain. . . ."

SEVEN strewn earths my bones confound,
Seven deep seas have seen me drowned,
Seven fires burnt every bone,
Seven whirlwinds raged and blown;
The final dust is fine and frail
As dust upon a butterfly's scale.
Atom, atom, impalpable,
How shall I arise from hell?
Atom, atom, infinite,
How may I these Is unite?
How from water and peachbloom-fuzz
Resurrect the thing I was?
Which is I and which is wind?
How many atoms make a mind?

Then the atoms spoke and stirred,
Each with a dim, invisible word,
"Even we are never whole,
Even we are not your soul.
If you search for Unity,
You must sever us—even we."

And I saw, like things alive,
Strong electrons move and strive
In the atoms, till they too
Rent asunder, and were new
Pulses of unceasing forces,
Tiny men on tiny horses
Warring in a drop of water;
And the very soul of Matter
Soul no longer, self nor single,
But a battleground where mingle
Positive and Negative brother,
Each immortal as the other.
Each attracting, each repelling,
Even in their single celling,
Till—electrons, atom, dust—
There was nothing one could trust.
Till all Solid split apart
Like the fragments of a heart,
Every speck a child at nurse,
Every cell a universe.
There were glittering planets there
In a single pinch of air,
And a cosmos, bright and fierce,
Smaller than the eye could pierce.
Twenty thousand Christs were born
In a single grain of corn.
And Napoleons managed well
Their artillery of hell
In a cell so minified
Microscopes have never pried
To its bottom.
All was flux,
As before the *"Fiat lux!"*,
And no god to mold the sphere
Till the fragments should cohere.
Utter night and utter light
Each its own great opposite,
Co-repealed yet co-existent,
Dead-alive, inert-persistent.
I was suns, a gleaming host,
Yet I was not even a ghost.
I was worlds, and yet in me
Not one living thing could be
As we think of life and death;
Yet I lived with every breath
That was drawn—diffused, dispelled,
Myriad-heavened, myriad-helled,
And could never droop or cease
In a comfortable peace.

Then, ah then, I heard the cry,
Matter in its agony,
Nailed to Immortality.
And the cross it throbbed upon
Was itself—and we were one.
Past and future merged somehow
In the Everlasting Now
That existed ere man wrought
Time, the lying clock of Thought.
That exists past Time and Space
In a vacant dwelling-place
Where extended parallells meet
And Dimension's obsolete.

And I felt upon me press
Dreadful weights of Nothingness,
Till I was not and I was
Without reason or because,
Only pulped, excruciate Force—

Then—the clock resumed its course.
Slowly, slowly from that Void,
Uncreated, undestroyed,
Moved electron on electron,
Building up an atom-section,
And the atoms coalesced
In the shapes that served them best
Slow constructing, cell by cell,
Like a reef of coral-shell,
Visible flesh and blood and bone,
Grain on grain and stone by stone.
Till at last, the city whole
That the prophets call Mansoul,
Stood erect, a moving world,
With a life within it furled
Like a lily in the bud,
Supple flesh and racing blood.
And I felt my tongue unloosed,
And I felt my sinews juiced
With a new, immortal sap
Stolen from the thunderclap,
And I shouted,
"Oh my bones,
Though your ancestors were stones,
We have broken from the net,
And our pride is hardy yet.
Though there be no Space or Time,
You can make them with a rhyme.
Nothing Is, but while it Seems,
We can bridle it with dreams,
Fling the halter on the horn
Of the hunting-unicorn
That is Semblance—and so ride
Out beyond the vacant-eyed
Ether that is All and Nought,
With the saddle of a Thought
And the stirrup of a Wish.
And can swim like silver fish
Up the Milky Way of Space,
Till the vacant dwelling-place
That no Being can escape
Shrouds us in an empty cape.
Let it shroud us!
While it Seems,
We have life and flesh and dreams."

So I spoke, brave words and free,
And was stalwart as a tree.
But—I have not cared since then,
Much to talk to men of men.
And have vowed a solemn trust
To be careful with the dust.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Just Writing

(*Continued from page* 865)

triumph of good writing—the circumstances, trivial to the unobservant, are not trivial as he sees, and writes them. With less humorous sympathy for the heart-aches of Victorianism, the writing of "O Genteel Lady!" would have been less excellent, with less excellent writing the heart-aches would have been less poignant to the reader. Donn Byrne's "Hangman's House" is the decadence of that skilful writer. He has stuffed his story with conventional romantics for those who like that sort of thing; where he is Byrne he writes as beautifully as ever; where he is Ouida, Marie Corelli, and Bertha M. Clay he writes just as much better as his subject is better than theirs, and no—which is little—more. If Thomas Beer and Philip Guedalla explode epigrams with the regularity of a small boy's Fourth of July, it is because they have reduced history to epigram; but when they are really witty, which is often, it is because their history is luminously penetrative.

Good writing is not a structure of pretty words admired by the critical, it is apt words—which is to say, pertinent ideas; and one of the few generalizations safely to be made in criticism is that whatever other factors may modify excellence, good writing is always good.

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Books of Special Interest

A Spanish Land

MAJORCA. By HENRY C. SHELLEY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $3.50 net.

Reviewed by ROBERT MEDILL McBRIDE
Author of "Towns and People"

IT IS almost axiomatic that the most useless appendage of a book is the introduction. As a rule it is written by the author himself as a sort of apologia, or by some one who poses as an authority on the subject treated to give authority or luster to the volume. Being merely decorative or corroborative it is usually a dull affair and the traditionally gentle reader scans it, if at all, from a stern sense of duty. Readable introductions are rare birds. I once recall reading an introduction written by Hilaire Belloc for one of his own novels which has remained in my memory even more vividly than the book itself. It was a gentle bit of spoofing that managed to get the reader into a proper spirit for the enjoyment of what followed. In this volume on Majorca, A. S. M. Hutchinson contributes an introduction which, if it tells little about the contents of the book and the author, is nevertheless one of those rare exceptions that prove the rule. It, too, is a happy piece of fooling dealing with prefaces, early recollections, screen doors, and what not.

It is safe to say that no unimportant island in Europe has had a more thorough and painstaking biographer than Majorca at the hands of Mr. Henry C. Shelley. A biography his book really is, for it concerns itself very largely with the history of the island and its people. And a Lilliputian history it is, too, in spite of its successive masters—Phœnician, Roman, Visigoth, Saracen, and Spanish who have loomed largely by the history of mankind. The Balearic Islands lie off the Eastern Coast of Spain in the high roads of the Mediterranean and have for ages attracted the avarice of the masters of this inland sea. Majorca is the larger of these two islands deriving its name from the Latin *major*. Minorca is the other island and being smaller was appropriately designated *minor*. As Mr. Shelley points out, each successive race has left its impress there, seen in the present day inhabitants, the Roman appearing in their features, the Visigothic in their hair and complexion, and the Arabic in voice and temperament, but the civilization today is, of course, that of Spain.

As has been said, Mr. Shelley makes much of the history of the island and of the petty kings who ruled there through successive centuries. Majorca's greatest importance to the world, however, seems to have been in its contribution of men who have identified themselves with the world's work. Majorca was the birthplace of Ramon Lull and there, in a monastery whence he had retired after an early life of profligacy, he wrote, among other things, his great mediæval romance "Blanquerna," much of which is autobiographical, a book esteemed by the Catalonians to be second in importance to the immortal Don Quixote. In a humble cottage on this same island, at a much later date, was born Father Junipero Serra the Franciscan monk, who fifty years later journeyed to the new world and founded the historic chain of missions which stretch through the length of California. Here also, in the quietude of the village of Valldemosa, Chopin composed the finest of his preludes.

It is a pity that Mr. Shelley devotes practically all of his book to the historical and architectural aspects of Majorca and gives so little space to a description of the towns, the countryside, and the people. We gather in a few pages toward the end of the volume that Majorca is a place of drowsy towns and forested mountains, that the people are kindly and indolent, and cling to the primitive ways of their forefathers, in short that it is a rustic paradise where one can live and disregard the passing of time. Majorca must possess all the attributes of the Spanish countryside with its gleaming houses on the hillsides, its orchards and vineyards, its extraordinary highway traffic where everything and everybody moves on donkey back and in two-wheeled covered carts, its villages and towns of inquisitive people and primitive customs, its lively market places and other characteristics which distinguish Spain from her progressive neighbors to the North. Of all this Mr. Shelley gives us practically nothing. Regarded from the standpoint of present day interest, he seems hardly to have justified such a carefully wrought and voluminous volume on the tiny island of his adoption.

There are many photographic illustrations of scenes in the towns and country, of churches and Roman ruins, and a large map of the islands folded in at the end of the volume.

Rumors of Peace

NOW IS THE TIME. By ARTHUR PONSONBY. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1926. $2.50.

THE ROAD TO PEACE. By HERMAN BERNSTEIN. New York: Frank-Maurice. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS
Author of "The Origin of the Next War"

"NOW IS THE TIME," says Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, to avert the new World War which—failing some general and intelligent effort to deal with its causes—is already an imminent possibility. Two or three years ago it was too soon to speak out. The people were "still stunned" by the last catastrophe. Twenty years from now it will be too late. The people will be "listless." They will not "remember how it all happened." Consequently Mr. Ponsonby selects this critical moment in the world's history, and no other, to write his book:

> Now is the propitious moment. If in the next five or six years we can make no impression then we shall have failed again. Our audience is there. Our audience is ready to listen. What have we to tell them?

Mr. Ponsonby is probably right in his choice of publication date. There is no denying the existence just at present of a general disgust with the whole war idea. It showed itself plainly enough in 1922, when Lloyd George appealed to the British Dominions during the Turkish crisis of 1922. But I am afraid it is neither so general nor so significant as Mr. Ponsonby would have us believe. He forgets that there have been four or five wars a year since 1918—and that the men who fought in them were mainly veterans of the World War. Of course, they were fighting for "good" causes. No one ever fights for anything else.

To my mind the great fault of the book is that Mr. Ponsonby approaches his problem from an emotional rather than an intellectual angle. He preaches, he denounces, he satirizes, he holds up to scorn—and he obviously has a good time doing it. Now, this sort of thing is all very well. Moral enthusiasm is obviously a pleasant form of intoxication, but it is a very bad method of solving problems. And the war problem—if it is ever solved at all—is not going to be solved without some coldly scientific study of causes as a preliminary to cure. Mr. Ponsonby's emotionalism gets in the way of his celebration—which is a great pity, for he has much to say that is worth saying, and he says it well.

"Now Is the Time" is a fearless but often futile utterance of home truths. Mr. Ponsonby says with much vehemence that war is a bad thing and that it is a pity there is so much of it. He explains that "there is no possible cause of quarrel between nations which cannot be settled by diplomatic negotiations or international arbitration." This is probably true—but the world just doesn't work that way.

Yet it will not do to dismiss this fiercely honest little book without serious consideration. If nothing that Mr. Ponsonby says is new, still, there is very little that is not true. He has made by far the best statement known to me of the moral position of the uncompromising pacifist. I do not happen to agree with that position, but it is a great advantage to have an authoritative and intelligent summary of it.

The title of Mr. Bernstein's "Road to Peace" is a little deceptive. It is not a study of the problems of war and peace but a collection of interviews with a great many contemporary leaders in all countries, dealing with a wide range of subjects but all bearing in some degree upon the problems of post-war reconstruction. The interviews, as interviews, are not bad. They are good, straightforward, newspaper stuff, and if I had come on them in a daily paper I should have pounced on them with delight. Even when bound up to make a book they are still extremely readable. No one can read "The Road to Peace" without learning a great deal that he ought to know. But in the nature of things the chapters have little continuity and they are not likely to lead the footsteps of a reluctant humanity very far down the Road which provides a title.

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Books of Special Interest

Tusitala

THE TRUE STEVENSON: A Study in Clarification. By GEORGE S. HELLMAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by GEORGE B. DUTTON
Williams College

ONE of the amusing and pathetic characteristics of the present generation in its exploration of human nature is the elation with which it records its discovery of the obvious. Equally amusing and pathetic is the heat with which myth-worshippers reject the obvious when it is given a local habitation and a name.

It has been suspected for some time that most mortals are fallible and that even heroes occasionally lapse from the pose of monumental dignity. But today biographers with painful industry record the cacklings of intimates, and with naïve satisfaction exhibit Gladstone in a fit of petulance or Tennyson slouching in an alehouse. Whereupon the admirers of Gladstone and Tennyson, snarling with resentment, dash forward to smear their faces with sticky and irrelevant praise. Again, it is a commonplace that few of us manage to do as we please in this intractable universe. But it has been left to moderns to explain great men as frustrated souls and thus to fit them into some scheme of abornmal psychology, blandly ignoring the fact that all human beings are in some degree frustrated souls.

Perhaps it is not quite fair to introduce Mr. Hellman's book by these generalizations. It is free from the patter of recent psychology. It is without trace of either the merits or the defects of those brilliant improvisations that pass for biographies and appropriately enjoy the popularity of novels. It is, indeed, rather poorly organized, somewhat pedestrian in its progress, hardly a biography, but rather a footnote to biography. It is even creditably old-fashioned in its presentation of the evidence upon which its conclusions are based. However, the net result is the emergence of a Stevenson who is no steel engraving of rectitude, but a Stevenson who had his fling in his earlier years, who was not without his little vanities throughout his life, whose motives were mixed, whose actions at times saddened his parents and troubled his friends, whose religious beliefs were shaken into unorthodoxy by the jolts and jars of living. Particularly does there emerge the conception of a Stevenson who in his writing could not levy upon all of his experience because his wife, sensing the lingering proprieties of Victorianism, enforced reticence, even, it is rumored, to the destruction of at least one daring composition. That is to say, Tusitala joins Mark Twain and Henry James and Alfred Tennyson in the glorious company of thwarted souls.

Now a certain amount of all this rests upon conjecture; and a certain amount—more than one might gather from Mr. Hellman's pages—has of late years been freely admitted by Stevenson's friends. That the author of the Samoan prayers himself passed through skepticism into a creedless religion of vague aspiration is hardly news. That he had lived loosely during his younger days has become common knowledge. Why he made such slight use of this experience in his writings is proper enough subject for speculation, and the clues that are pointed out in the present volume as leading to Mrs. Stevenson are ingeniously interpreted and plausible. The wonder remains that any one should get excited.

There seems to be just one valid reason. The earlier writers about Stevenson, following the convention of their day, made a lath and plaster model of their subject and called it a likeness. It deceived no one. All intelligent men recognized that there was no life in it. But heat and frost have warped the laths, and prying fingers have crumbled the plaster, so that now observers are shocked at the revelation. It is the destruction of the statue and the discrediting of its makers that is the real source of agitation to the orthodox.

To be more specific, the weight of Mr. Hellman's attack, as but few of his critics take the trouble to notice, is directed not against Stevenson, but against those who fashioned his counterfeit presentment; against his wife and against those who after his death edited his work and arranged the public view of his life. To what extent the charges are justifiable remains a matter of controversy; but certainly facts hardly to the credit of the group appear to have been uncovered. Numbers of poems and letters for a long time suppressed. Some letters were altered; explosions of irreverence were deleted or the phraseology was changed without any indication by asterisk or note. The originals disclose a writer whose contacts with his fellows were more varied and whose temperament had greater range than one might have expected. They scarcely can be said to make him less of a man. Nor does Mr. Hellman assert that they do. It is the busy friends who are put on the defensive.

In short, the battle, as is usual in literary war, rages about secondary questions. The genuine lover of Stevenson can still read "AEs Triplex" and "Weir of Hermiston" with the same pleasure that was his when the author's features emerged from the pages of biography in stuccoed perfection.

The Art of Taxidermy

TAXIDERMY AND MUSEUM EXHIBITION. By JOHN ROWLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS S. ROBERTS
University of Minnesota

THIS is a timely and much-needed book prepared by the right man. The author's first manual, "The Art of Taxidermy," 1898, is now long out of date and yet there has been no adequate American publication to take its place. Meanwhile these nearly three decades have seen taxidermy developed from what the present author calls the period of "upholstering methods" to a position where in some of its aspects it is almost, if not quite, on a par with the fine arts. The accomplished taxidermist of today is no longer a "stuffer" of animals but a student of nature, a keen observer, a clever modeler, a skilled colorist, and a man of imagination and ideas who produces in the museum exhibits of the present day balanced and pleasing pictures closely akin to the canvases of the artist's brush. Rowley's present work is designed to bridge the intervening gap and bring the whole subject up to date. This it does in a very satisfactory manner. Every phase of the subject from the smallest details of the collector's outfit to the varied and intricate problems involved in the finished group is fully presented. There are chapters dealing minutely with the preparation of animals of every kind both for study and display, with the preservation and modeling in wax and celluloid of leaves, flowers, and fruits as accessories in group building, ending with a discussion of the difficult question of museum lighting and museum construction.

Dr. Chapman in his preface credits Mr. Rowley with being able to preach as well as practice. Certainly not only is the subject-matter well arranged but it is presented throughout in clear, well chosen language that leaves no doubt as to the exact meaning of the author. The student will find here the most definite directions for every step, coupled with advice derived from wide experience.

The many excellent halftone plates and numerous figures in the text elucidate most satisfactorily the processes and methods described. Several full-page illustrations of museum groups and diagrams of lighting schemes and plans of museum construction make plain the author's advanced ideas on these little understood subjects. The final chapter on "Groups and Museum Exhibition" is a fine presentation of the whole matter and embodies the latest and best views by one who has a ripe and varied experience. Museums generally would do well to consider carefully the suggestions as to the proper lighting of groups, to the proportions that should be observed in construction in order to produce the best effects, to the massing of accessories, to over-crowding, and to the careful planning in advance of the museum hall or building to adapt it to the special type of installation in view.

I have praised Mr. Rowley's book as it so well deserves and perhaps it would be well to stop here and omit any reference to short-comings as the author cannot be held responsible. Mr. Rowley's manual is based almost wholly on his own personal methods and experiences and under present conditions he or no one else can know fully just what is being done by other advanced workers. The old-time secretiveness and jealousy that closed shop and studio doors is happily giving way to a better spirit but still there is no general clearing house and it takes a long time for discoveries and new processes to filter through to the taxidermic world. What is needed is a National Association of Museum Taxidermists and an annual gathering place where all will generously and freely exchange ideas and new methods. This would save a vast present waste of time and money and the whole profession would take on a dignity and standing that belongs now to only a limited few of its members.

[SCRIBNER BOOKS]

Ernest Hemingway's
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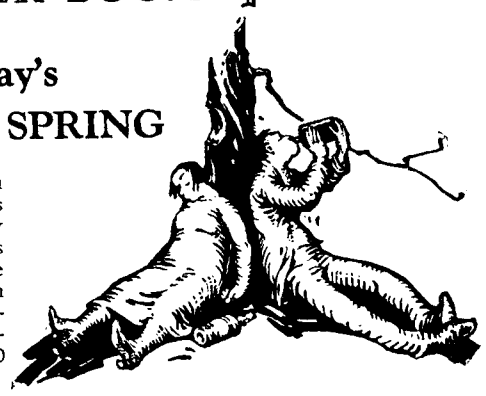

Peculiarly refreshing is this skilfully drawn satire on the passing of what the author calls that "great race" of writers represented by Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and others. It is specifically a burlesque of Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter." In the course of the narrative all the extreme tendencies of modern literature come in for satirical comment. $1.50

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LATE NEWS:

As this issue of the Saturday Review goes to press, we have just received the two following endorsements:

"Durant's 'Story of Philosophy' answers a real, long-felt need, as there is no other book to my knowledge which covers the subject. I have just dipped into Durant's book and find it so interesting that I will take it along on my European trip. Please send us immediately fifty more copies."—A. KROCH, Kroch's International Bookstore, Chicago.

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Boni & Liveright,

Dear Sirs:

Did you ever have a debate with yourself? I had one—and won. I think you will be interested in it.

I am one of those people who try to get hold of the best six books each season. I learn about them in a number of ways. I read advertisements—and sprinkle a good deal of salt on them. I read reviews—and I get the opinion of my literary friends. Then I balance all three and take my chance.

This year all signs pointed to

Theodore Dreiser's

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Critics said it was a great book, your advertising man didn't spare his list of adjectives, and my friends sort of agreed with your advertising man.

Ordinarily I would have gone right ahead and bought the book. But the darn tome is in two volumes and my general notion about a two volume book is that it is one volume too many.

So I held off. But the book didn't. It kept right on at me. So I held the debate with myself. I said to myself it can't be that you're such a lowdown nickel squeezer that your subconscious is howling about the price. All right. Acquitted! Then what difference does it make to you if you read two volumes, one way or another. Good books are rare enough to make it all the better, to have a good deal of a good one. You always finish a good book wishing there were more of it anyway.

So I won the argument. I got the book. To be perfectly frank with you, I was slow getting into it, but once I was in they couldn't pull me out of it with a derrick. And the fun of it is that it took me less time to finish it than a 264 page book in big school-reader type that I had just been struggling with.

I won't try to tell you what a big thing it is. You must have thousands of these fool fan letters. But, I thought you'd like to know about my experience. Incidentally, I have been having a good time running down an unsuspecting citizen who expressed hesitation about reading the same notorious two volume book.

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A London Letter

By Roderick Random

THE charge is still levelled by Americans that British publishers and British critics refuse to take contemporary American literature seriously. Mr. Mencken, in particular, has been insistently vocal on the subject. Yet, if the accusation ever had any justification, it certainly has lost it today. On the contrary one might say that the alarm, if there is any cause for alarm, should be displayed by the native authors. Scarcely a week this year has the *Times Literary Supplement* failed to notice some new American novel. Recently Mrs. Elinor Wylie's "Venetian Glass Nephew" and Mr. Anderson's "Notebook" were noticed together, and Mrs. Wylie's book took precedence over three English novels. Still more lately "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was reviewed, it is true, after Mr. Huxley's "Two or Three Graces," but the American volume enjoyed by far the more enthusiastic notice. Serious books from your side receive even greater consideration. And similarly the *Nation*, *New Statesman*, *Saturday Review*, and the few other weekly publications that take any interest in books at all, give to the work of American writers the full attention they deserve. Mr. Woolf, for instance, in the *Nation* the other day devoted to Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln" a notice as informed by insight and sympathy as any that vivid evocation of a whole phase of American history can have received anywhere.

Nor is it merely American books that obtain this generous share of discussion and criticism in London. In the as I write latest copy of the *New Statesman* "Affable Hawk" prints in full Mr. Sinclair Lewis's letter refusing the award of the Pulitzer Prize, a letter which already has received much space in our press. Incidentally "Affable Hawk" takes the stand, in which I for one am ready to join him vociferously, that such prizes, to be really of benefit, should be given to promising beginners. This, I may point out, is what is done frequently with the Goncourt and Femina prizes in France, and one could give a whole catalogue of French writers who have been "made" in this way. But to revert to my main theme, English criticism, then, is treating American literature handsomely.

* *

Now, as to the attitude of the publishers here. There again the New York "knocker" has gone sadly astray. Not only have English publishers like Mr. Cape made a whole gallery of American authors known in this country—H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis, Fannie Hurst, Amy Lowell, all owe their European reputation to Mr. Cape—but, and this is precisely what I am leading up to, London publishing is actually becoming Americanized. Of course, some American houses like to have a scout here, and in that way Mr. F. V. Morley cares for the interests of the Century Company. But I do not refer to that. What I should like some American to do is to count up—on his fingers, if necessary—the number of American firms that have branches in London and compare that figure with the number of English houses having branches in New York. Appleton, Brentano, Harper, Lippincott, Putnam, Scribner, all maintain offices here whence books are published. Heinemann, also, as everybody knows, while still largely autonomous, is controlled by Doubleday, Page and Co. If it is felt that American books in England are not getting what you would call a square deal, why surely the remedy is in the American publishers' hands. The English market is open to them, and they have the machinery with which to compete in it. And, furthermore, this peaceful penetration of English publishing is on the increase. Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has just opened an office amid the red-painted boarding-houses of Bedford-place, in the very shadow and odor of the British Museum. He himself is now awaited for the official house-warming. And it is not entirely anxiety concerning the fate of American literature here that has led him to take this step. Having always been eager to secure the best English writers for his list in New York, in 1921 he appointed Miss Storm Jameson, the novelist, to be his English agent in the same way that Mr. Douglas Goldring, another novelist, has long acted for Mr. Seltzer. Miss Jameson did excellent work for Mr. Knopf, but that did not prevent her from marrying Mr. Guy Chapman of the English publishing firm of Chapman and Dodd. Now, latterly Chapman and Dodd went out of business. Mr. Knopf has always been noted for his ability to seize an opportunity. He saw one when Mr. Chapman became foot-loose, and forthwith decided to open a London branch with Mr. Chapman in charge. It will be an interesting venture to watch.

It is perhaps rather late to talk about the effect which the general strike had on the book business in this country, but as my last letter was despatched to you before that "unique event," I may allow myself a few words on this head. Until the strike occurred books were doing extremely well, and both publishers and booksellers were looking forward to the best year since the War. Mr. J. G. Wilson, the head of J. and E. Bumpus, the Oxford-street booksellers, was telling me only just before the general paralysis how well things were going. The strike, of course, stopped all that. One publishing firm did only £7 of business in a day. At most offices where I looked in I found all discussion of books had to give way to a talk about the only topic. Many publishers seemed to be absolutely in despair. Some were absent, having rushed off to volunteer. When I called at Constable's I found that Mr. Michael Sadleir, the novelist son of Sir Michael Sadler, who in addition is a director of Constable & Co., was away driving an omnibus somewhere. But as I write, business is practically back to normal and is being carried on with renewed vigor.

* *

The retirement of Mr. W. L. Courtney from the chairmanship of Chapman and Hall, Ltd., and from the board of directors, reminds one that it is 32 years since this veteran figure of English letters assumed the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*. Though he is now aged 76, he will retain that post. But I gather that he has also given up the literary editorship of the *Daily Telegraph*, which he had so efficiently held for as long as I can remember. Mr. Courtney was born at Poona, in India. His first book, and he has brought out a large number, was "The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill." It appeared in 1879. He began as a schoolmaster, and was the head of Somersetshire College at Bath as far back as 1873. The titles of some of his books sum him up, I think, rather well: "The Feminine Note in Fiction" and "The Literary Man's New Testament," for example. His wife—Aunt Janet, they used to call her at the Times Book Club—was a pioneer feminist. She is one of those rare women who admit their age—61—and began work as a member of the Royal Commission on Labor which was appointed in 1892. Then she went to the Bank of England, on to the staff of the Encyclopædia Britannica, was librarian of the Times Book Club, and again with the E. B. Recently she published her "Reminiscences."

Mr. Courtney is succeeded as chairman of Chapman and Hall by Mr. Arthur Waugh, another man who has long combined authorship with publishing. He has been the firm's managing director for nearly 25 years. Before that he represented Henry Holt and Co. in London; from 1895 to 1902 he was with Kegan, Paul and Co., and back in 1894 he was a sub-editor on the *New Review*. He has written a "Life" of Tennyson and many other books. His elder son is Mr. Alec Waugh, who is also a director of Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, who, when you read this will be back from his tour of the world, has been commissioned to write a book on Florence. The city he liked best in America was Los Angeles.

Sir Valentine Chirol, who from 1899 to 1912, was director of the *Times'* Foreign Department, has just completed his "Recollections." As a contrast with Mr. Beverly Nichols, who wrote his at 25, Sir Valentine has waited until he was 74 before doing his. He should have a lot to say. He was educated in France and Germany, worked in the Foreign Office from 1872 to 1876, and has travelled in Turkey, Egypt, Persia, India, the Far East, the United States, and the British Dominions. His recent volume on "India" has received much notice.

I report to you two new women novelists of importance. The first is Professor Gilbert Murray's daughter Rosalind, who is also the wife of Mr. A. J. Toynbee. Her tale is called "The Happy Tree" and will be published by Chatto and Windus. Mr. Toynbee, by the way, after being a tutor at Balliol, and in the Foreign Office and at the Peace Conference, became Koraes Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek at London University. He made his name with the public, though, with his revelations about Asia Minor since the War. The second is Miss Kathleen Freeman of the University of Wales. Her story is entitled "Martin Hanner" and has been published by Jonathan Cape. She is also bringing out "The Life and Work of Solon" with the Oxford University Press.

John Cotton Dana, librarian of Newark Public Library, in a paper read before the Association of Museums last month, deplored the neglect by museums of the printing art. "Will the work of the printer never find in art museums the high place it should have there?" he asked. "Printing produces in mere words more things that interest the eye and the brain than do all other crafts combined. In its more studied forms it is as beautiful as the outgivings of any art, and adds to beauty an irresistible appeal to the mind. Yet the printer's products occupy no place among "museum pieces." Is this because printing is an industry? Or of today? Or of this country? More probably it is because the museum eye is blinded by conventions."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Art

COROT. By *Marc Lafargue*. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.
WHY WE LOOK AT PICTURES. By *Carl H. P. Thurston*. Dodd, Mead. $4.
ARCHITECTURE EXPLAINED. By *Howard Robertson*. Doran. $2.50 net.
MORE THINGS THAT MATTER. By *Lord Riddell*. Doran. $2.50 net.

Belles Lettres

ROLLO'S JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE. By *John T. Wheelright* and *Frederic J. Stimson*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
THE THREAT OF LEISURE. By *George Barton Cutten*. Yale University Press. $2.
SELECTED PROSE OF JOHN MILTON. Edited by *Malcolm W. Wallace*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.
ANTHEIL AND THE TREATISE ON HARMONY. By *Ezra Pound*. Paris: Three Mountains Press.

Biography

DOSTOEVSKY PORTRAYED BY HIS WIFE. Dutton. $4.25.
R. L. S. AND HIS SINE QUA NON. By the Gamekeeper (Adelaide A. Boodle). Scribners. $1.50.
BRAWNYMAN. By *James Stevens*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
GEORGE MEREDITH. By *J. B. Priestley* (English Men of Letters). Macmillan. $1.25.
WALT WHITMAN. By *John Bailey* (English Men of Letters). Macmillan. $1.25.
HUBERT PARRY. By *Charles L. Graves*. Macmillan. $2.
SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA. By *Ernest Gilliat Smith*. Dutton. $2.50.

Education

THE STORY OF OUR AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *Charles F. Horne*. New York: U. S. History Publishing Co. 2 vols.
ELEMENTARY ECONOMICS. By *Fred Rogers Fairchild, Edgar Stevenson Furniss*, and *Norman Sydney Buck*. Macmillan. 2 vols.
THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE. By *Mabel Mason Carlton* and *Henry Fish Carlton*. Scribners. 80 cents.
THE STORY OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. By *Mabel Mason Carlton* and *Henry Fisk Carlton*. *Scribners*. 72 cents.
ALPHABET CARDS. By *Edith Conrad*. Scribners.
PAUL PAINE'S MAP OF AMERICA'S MAKING. Bowker. $2.50.
SEX EDUCATION. By *Philip Zenner*. Appleton. $1.50.
PROJECTS AND THE PROJECT METHODS IN AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION. By *G. A. Schmidt*. Century. $2.50.
NARRATIVE STRUCTURE AND STYLE. By *Theodore Goodman*. Appleton. $1.75.

Fiction

IF TODAY HAVE NO TOMORROW. By OLIVE GILBREATH. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Michael Acar, Miss Gilbreath's protagonist, is the descendant of an adventuring Scot who, settling in Russia two centuries earlier, has there founded an enduring family and fortune. In this alien land, succeeding Acars have always returned to Britain for their wives, educated their children beyond the Russian frontiers, retained their English citizenship, and otherwise kept unbroken allegiance to their original nativity. The Kerensky régime has begun to totter when we first meet Michael, the hereditary head of his family's large manufacturing and landed properties which, upon the establishment of the Soviet Government, he tries to save from confiscation through the protection of his British citizenship. He fails courageously in this, as it is manifest throughout the story he will fail in achieving all save grief and disillusionment. Although a prominent factor in its course, Michael is essentially subordinate to one tremendous event, the Bolshevist Revolution, which dominates the entire book, and it is in her depiction of the titanic upheaval that the author is at her best. Her individual scenes show us (without sentimental recrimination) the decayed, parasitic aristocracy sinking defiantly and licentiously to its doom. She writes here with brilliant flashes of vividness and observation which seem to bear the seal of eye-witness contact, but beyond these passages her book is not of an equal impressiveness.

THE UNKNOWN GODDESS. By RUTH CROSS. Harpers. 1926. $2.

A sombre story, well told and plausible, of the misunderstanding and injustice suffered by a girl of strong native gifts, this novel is a marked improvement upon the author's preceding "Golden Cocoon." Noel Higgins, the heroine, is a robust and lovely student at the high school of a Texas town where her newly prosperous family, goaded on by an iron-willed, ambitious mother, is attempting to establish itself in the higher circles of the community's life. The girl is brutally outraged by a profligate visiting evangelist, subjected forcibly to a criminal operation, and afterward sent away in an endeavor to spare the family from scandal. But Noel's reputation in the home town to which she seldom returns is forever cruelly black, innocent as she is of intentional wrongdoing and try as she may to refute the rumor of her inchastity. In the years of her exile she becomes a trained nurse, a medical university student, a doctor and "healer" of marvelous skill. Her career is one continued self-sacrifice to the service of others, a ruthless ordeal without gratitude or recompense, but finally, when we had given up hope that joy would ever be hers, she meets with a meagre and tardy reward.

THE DEVIL. By LEO TOLSTOY. Harpers. 1926. $2.

One day late in 1880, at Yasnaya Polyana in the province of Tula, Russia, a middle-aged landholder of Christian Socialistic proclivities, rushed up to the startled tutor of his children, exclaiming, "I am in danger of falling into temptation. Save me!" The temptation was named Domna, and was also the family cook. The landholder was named Lyof Nikolævitch Tolstoy. Nine years later this gentleman, who was also intermittently a writer, and always a social reformer, and crank, sketched a story on this incident, which Mr. Aylmer Maude has now for the first time translated into English. It is fragmentary and unsatisfactory as a literary production, but it is extremely characteristic of the author. The stark bones of a powerful novel are there, though neither the characters nor the incidents have been raised above the rudimentary working-model stage. Tolstoy's hero, the myopic Eugen Irtenev, makes hard, slavic-puritanical, going of it, set between a strapping sun-tanned peasant wench and an unhealthy wife who is much given to falling into ditches while pregnant. Two endings, equally bloody and equally abrupt, are offered.

It might be interesting to know just why Tolstoy laid aside what might have been worked up into an affair of some moment. One suspects, however, that it is because the plot, besides being unavoidably "used" in its elements, presents only one monotonous conflict, with its outcome foreordained. By contrast the fatal passion of Anna and Vronsky in "Anna Karenina," for instance, has a dual and social significance. But here there is no discussion whatever of the effects of Irtenev's misconduct upon anyone other than himself. The monster,—for Tolstoy obviously considers that there is one,—is purely phallic, and is the fault of the woman in the case, who escapes all the consequences of her act by simply continuing to be unaware of its monstrous nature. As it stands, there is the crude contact with the soil, and the flaring misogynism of Tolstoy to lend force, point, and interest to what might otherwise seem little more than commonplace. In addition, while a great deal is still heard about the essential differences of the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav soul, it must be with a start of guilty recognition that most readers of this translation will come upon Eugen Irtenev, who is capable of deciding that he has done no wrong in taking the peasant girl, yet simultaneously "a stricter judge in the depths of his soul did not approve of it." Thereupon, however, he tortures himself to death over it, which may be more distinctively Russian. "The Devil" is filled with the great but disordered strength of Tolstoy. As in all his work, he is more concerned with his thesis than with his revelation, and his primary quality remains extra-literary, since in the end the philosophical and idealogical skeleton succeeds in rubbing through the scanty covering of narrative.

CUBWOOD. By W. R. SUNDERLAND LEWIS. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.

The author of this British mystery story has attempted to combine his horrors with a study of childhood. While he has not always been successful in fusing these two unusual elements, he frequently produces an original and grotesque effect by placing his schoolboys in the midst of gloomy haunted woods, where corpses are not unnaturally found hanging from the branches. The tale is told by one of the children, grown-up, and looking back on the experiences of his youth. Perhaps it would be more wholly convincing and satisfactory if this method of narrative were less involved. So much irrelevant matter is included that the interest is slowed down and lost in the wealth of laborious detail. As Mr. Walter de Mare suggests in his politely encouraging introduction, the book must have been a hobby with the author, and one into which he has put a great deal of his own experience. But it is a question whether it might not be more readable and efficient as a mystery if it had been severely cut. The children are worth knowing, though.

A BEAUTIFUL BLUNDER. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $5.

The most beautiful prose composition growing out of the Civil War is Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. Indirectly it was suggested by a letter from Adjutant-General Schouler of Massachusetts to War-Governor John A. Andrews of that state, indicating that Mrs. Bixby's five sons had fallen in battle. Andrews, conveying the information to the War Department at Washington, commented that Mrs. Bixby's "is a case so remarkable that I really wish a letter might be written by the President of the United States, such as a noble mother of five dead sons so well deserves." The War Department's request for verification of the deaths of the five sons brought the requisite data from General Schouler, obtained from Mrs. Bixby. The President wrote the letter, sent it to Schouler, who gave it to Mrs. Bixby on Thanksgiving Day, 1864. On the following day it was reproduced in the Boston *Transcript* and the Boston *Advertiser*. Dr. Barton, in 136 pages, tells the story of the Bixby sons and their mother. Although he verifies the authenticity of the letter, he shows that dilligent search has failed to disclose the original. He shows that, instead of five sons falling in battle, as Lincoln was informed, only two lost their lives. A third served his enlistment out, and the other two, he concludes from slightly clouded testimony, deserted from the ranks; one of these to the Confederates side, and died in North Carolina. The fifth son, following his desertion, wandered to the Middle West and died in obscurity in Chicago, 1909. The book is sufficiently documented to make it authoritative. The fate of the Bixby sons, however, has no historical significance outside of their being the occasion of one of the most artistic bits of literature in English prose.

COOMBE ST. MARYS. By MAUD DIVER. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50.

Mrs. Diver retells in a modern setting with considerable grace and skill the old tale of the girl heiress whose guardian attempts to divert her wealth to his own uses. Primarily her novel is a study of the decay of the English upper classes in post-war times. Coombe St. Mary's, the ancestral home of Lord Carlyon, proves to be the stock country residence of a thousand of the peers we meet in modern fiction. But the author escapes the usual snares with surprising art, and fills her canvas with fresh colors and figures in such a way as to contrast the disappearing values of the late Victorian generation with our own not to the disadvantage of either. Her one grave mistake, the character of the war profiteer, derives rather too closely from the pictures in *Punch* which are notably unreliable. This is a good, long, lazy book for a summer day and we recommend it as likely to be overlooked among the welter of more raucous but less conscientious novels of the season.

MR. MOFFATT. By *Chester Francis Cobb*. Doran. $2.50 net.
EAST OF MANSION HOUSE. By *Thomas Burke*. Doran. $2 net.
WINTER WHEAT. By *Almey St. John Adcock*. Doran. $2.50 net.
CHILD OF THE NORTH. By *Ridgwell Cullum*. Doran. $2 net.
THE RED LEDGER. By *Frank L. Packard*. Doran. $2 net.
THE MANTLE OF MASQUERADE. By *Stewart M. Emery*. Dutton. $2.
THE COMEBACK. By *Joe Mills*. New York: Sears. $1.50.
TREASURE ISLAND. By *R. L. Stevenson*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.
THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. By *E. W. Howe*. A. & C. Boni. $1.25.
THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, ESQ. By *William Makepeace Thackeray* (Modern Readers' Series). Macmillan.
DON QUIXOTE. By *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra* (Modern Readers' Series). Macmillan.

(Continued on next page)

New Books for Summer Reading — *Houghton Mifflin Company*

O GENTEEL LADY!
Esther Forbes
When a first novel by an unknown author steps into the front ranks in the month of publication, and when the second month sees a steady increase both in sales and in popularity, it is an indication that the end is not yet. Because it is the outstanding novel of the season, Miss Forbes' smart, whimsical, satiric revelation of the Genteel Fifties delights both critics and readers. $2.00

FLAPPER ANNE — **Corra Harris**
"Pleasant up-to-dateness in idiom and allusion . . . happy humor." —*New York Times*. $2.00

THE TRAIL OF GLORY — **Leroy Scott**
"The greatest sport novel I have ever read."—*William T. Tilden 2nd*. $2.00

THE SACRED TREE
Lady Murasaki
The second volume of 'The Tale of Genji' is "not so much a book as sorcery . . . It is because Lady Murasaki deals primarily and simply with the human heart that she remains so modern."—Witter Bynner in the *New York Herald Tribune*. $3.50

WILD HEART — **Isabelle Sandy**
"Compact, expressive, romantically alive."—*New Republic*. $2.00

THE NEST — **Anne D. Sedgwick**
Five notable short stories by the author of "The Little French Girl." $2.50

KELLER'S ANNA RUTH
Elsie Singmaster
"There is a sustained illusion of passionate feeling from the first page of 'Keller's Anna Ruth' to the last."—*New York Evening Post*. $2.00

OTHER PEOPLE'S DAUGHTERS — **Eleanor R. Wembridge**
"A rewarding book, if one is interested in human nature."—*New York Times*. $2.50

RICHARD KANE LOOKS AT LIFE — **Irwin Edman**
"Puts Mr. Edman in the same class with Santayana and James." —*Buffalo Times*. $2.50

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Interesting Reading

All sorts and manners, kinds and types of reading matter (even books) come to my desk and when one or two seemingly exceptional pieces come my way it is impossible to resist the feeling that it is a ***duty*** to call them to the attention of everyone.

* * * *

One of these days I must run out to the west coast to see the man who is responsible for "Migratory Books" and "Retrospect: In Los Angeles"—and his bookshop. If Ernest Dawson of Los Angeles has a shop that is on a par with his printed matter—but then it must be. No one could be responsible for such excellent work and not be the capable bookman that he is reputed to be.

The two privately printed brochures are well up among the best that I have ever received. "Interesting reading," too. The contents, particularly "Migratory Books," written by W. Irving Way, are in every way comparable to the fine format and the printing of John Henry Nash.

* * * *

I wonder why more people do not take advantage of their opportunities to visit the many excellent bookshops throughout the country, and have their names placed on the mailing lists so that they may receive catalogues, house organs and brochures. But then I am always wondering why people don't buy more books anyway. I suppose that's my business. Still there are others who are not members of this profession who are as interested.

Why, for instance, aren't there more residents of Los Angeles visiting Ernest Dawson? I'm sure I should, were I located there. Or C. C. Parker; or the Jones Bookstore; the Westlake Bookshop, Fowler Brothers, or Ye Little Old Book Shop? Looks like one could have a lot of fun, and incidentally obtain some worthwhile knowledge, in the Los Angeles bookselling establishments.

* * * *

Helen E. Haines of the Los Angeles Library School, tells us that the study of the bookshops is one of the requisites of library training. The class has recently described some of them as follows:

"On entering Mr. Parker's (C. C.) store one is aware of an atmosphere created by the love of books."

"The store (Jones) has a business-like atmosphere and imparts a sense of immedite efficient service."

"It (Fowler Bros.) is a place of business, with prompt and courteous attention paid to all."

"Dawson's is the most unusual shop of its kind I have ever visited."

* * * *

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ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING. By *Ernest Hemingway*. Scribners. $1.50.

TOTS AND THE GIFT. By *Katharine Adams*. Macmillan. $2.

THE SCAMP. By *Virgil Markham*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE SILENT SIX. By *Austin J. Small*. Doran. $2 net.

THE TESTAMENT OF DOMINIE BURLEIGH. By *Godfrey Elton*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

MADAME JUDAS. By *Margaret Turnbull*. Lippincott. $2.

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS. By *Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky*. Dutton.

SHEPHERD EASTON'S DAUGHTER. By *Mary J. H. Skrine*. Longmans. $2.

Foreign

ALBERTE. By PIERRE BENOIT. Paris: Michel. New York: Brentanos. 1926.

These days Pierre Benoit is more popular than ever in France. His latest novel, "Alberte," is already in its twenty-sixth thousand—formidable figure!—despite the hoariness of its theme and the inelegance of its treatment. At least fifty years ago Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote with sympathy and art on that love which comes to woman late in life and sacrifices the happiness of her unfortunate daughter in the fires of an illicit passion. Even the criminal element is not lacking in "Alberte," and there is more than one echo of Barbey's "Ce Qui Ne Meurt Pas" and "Bonheur Dans le Crime." Yet the theme is perennially in France, indeed, more so now than ever before, and if no deeper color may be added to the crime than Barbey could draw out of his multi-chrome inkpots, there are always the intricacies of modern inventions to add variety to the plot. In the case of "Alberte," a new, complicated automobile, product of a French literary Ford, furnishes the chief interest.

LE CRUEL AMOUR. By *André Beaunier*. Paris: Flammarion.

DIE RHEINPOLITIK KAISER NAPOLEONS III VON 1863 BIS 1870 UND DER URSPRUNG DES KRIEGES VON 1870-71. By *Hermann Oncken* Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

LA BUONA MESSE. By *Giuseppe Lombardo*. Radice Rome: Associazone Nazionale.

LES AMANTS DE VENISE. By *Charles Maurras*. Paris: Flammarion.

International

SYRIA. By *Leonard Stein*. New York. Adelphi Co. $1.50.

OIL IMPERIALISM. By *Louis Fischer*. International Publishers. $2.

GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL. By *Sir Philip Dawson*. Macmillan.

Juvenile

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF INVENTION. By T. C. BRIDGES. Little, Brown. $2 net.

This volume, with its panoramic survey of the history of inventions and its numerous illustrations, should prove of fascinating interest to the young person who goes through the world with his eyes open to its activities. It is necessarily a cursory sketch of the developments that through the ages have transformed man's environment, but it is not too brief to be picturesque as well as informative, and it is told with sufficient vivacity to sustain the interest of its many facts. The boy who would know something of the evolution of the mechanical world in which he lives will find a pleasant way to that knowledge in this book.

AMERICA GIVE ME A CHANCE. By EDWARD W. BOK. Scribners. 1925. $1.50.

In response to requests from a possibly over-eager public, Mr. Bok has combined into one book "for young people" his two autobiographical productions, "The Americanization of Edward Bok" and "Twice Thirty;" thus the resulting volume is, according to taste, as good or as bad as both the others put together. It is a Horatio Alger story told by the hero: the career of the model boy as narrated by the model boy himself, with all of the model boy's blindness to possible defects. For instance, the author early learned that "the penalty of deception is the agony of an uneasy conscience," yet he relates with pride how when he had determined to accumulate a valuable autograph collection

"I took my 'Encyclopædia' and began to study the lives of successful men and women. Then, with boyish frankness, I wrote on some mooted question in one famous person's life; I asked about the date of some important event in another's, not given in the 'Encyclopædia;' or I asked one man why he did this or why some other man did that."

He never over-emphasized the idea of money, he insists, yet after fifty years he remembers the weekly wage of every transient job, and he places a financial index figure after each step of his rise to glory. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Bok proves abundantly that he has been a good citizen. The long record of his services to the community in the cause of better domestic architecture, interior decoration, gardening, the safe and sane Fourth, etc., would be wholesome reading if written by anyone save Mr. Bok himself.

PLAYMATES IN AMERICA. By *Ransford Beach*. Holt. $3.

GREEN GATE. By *Agnes McClelland Doulton*. Century. $1.75.

DORSET'S TWISTER. By *William Heyliger*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. Century. $1.50.

THE APPLE TREE. By *Margery Williams Bianco*. Doran.

THE SPIRIT OF MENLO. By *Earl Reed Silvers*. Appleton. $1.75.

IN BLUE BIRD TIME. By *Ellen Muller Donaldson*. Milton Bradley.

SILVER PENNIES. By *Blanche Jennings Thompson*. Macmillan. $1.

GREEN GATE. By *Agnes McClelland Daulton*. Century. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

THE GIRL'S EVERY DAY BOOK. Womans Press.

HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS. By *Chesla C. Sherlock*. Des Moines, Iowa: Meredith.

GARDEN MAKING AND KEEPING. By *Hugh Findlay*. Doubleday, Page. $8 net.

GETTING AHEAD IN THE BANK. By *Herbert Dee Ivey*. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50.

MY FRIEND THE INDIAN. By *James McLaughlin*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

THE SEASONS IN A FLOWER GARDEN. By *Louise Shelton*. Scribners. $2.

INDEX TO FAIRY TALES, MYTHS AND LEGENDS. By *Mary Huse Eastman*. Boston: Faxon. $6 net.

ANCIENT FURNITURE. By *Gisela M. A. Richter*. Oxford University Press. $35.

INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE. By *William Tomkins*. San Diego, Cal.: Tomkins.

THE INDIAN TODAY. By *Flora Warren Seymour*. New York: Sanborn.

SPECIMENS OF BOOKS PRINTED AT OXFORD. By *John Fell*. Oxford University Press. $21.

LAUGHS FROM JEWISH LORE. By *Jacob Richman*. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

GIRL AND WOMAN. By *Caroline Wormeley Latimer*. Appleton. $2.

HISTORIC DOORWAYS OF OLD SALEM. By *Mary Harrod Northend*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

SCIENTIFIC PALMISTRY. By *Noel Jaquin*. Doran. $2.50 net.

MR. JORROCKS'S THOUGHTS ON HUNTING. By *Robert Smith Surtees* and *John Jorrocks*. Scribners. $7.50.

MILDRED CHAMPAGNE ON LIFE AND LOVE. Marshall Jones.

CONTEMPORARY SCALE MODELS OF VESSELS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By *Henry B. Culver*. New York: Payson & Clarke.

Poetry

LILITH. By GEORGE STERLING. Macmillan. 1926. $1.50.

Mr. George Sterling and the publishers are to be thanked for giving to the general public this deeply moving philosophic poem first published privately in 1919. Mr. Sterling belongs to the older tradition of English poetry which sought beauty and philosophic truth rather than realism of detail. He has always possessed the poet's vision and the poet's expression but in the present volume the vision is more profound, the expression more chaste than in his other works. "Lilith" is a poetical drama in mediæval setting wherein the eternal enchantress leads the hero, Tancred, to betrayal of father, friend, and wife, and finally to his own death, but without shaking a certain something in him which turns dishonor into honor and triumphs even in despair. The fundamental theme is what Mr. Sterling calls "that strangest and most awful of our human faculties—our ability to be happy when we know others are in agony. I can never forgive myself and humanity for that." Throughout the poem the happiness of one is purchased at the price of another's misery. That is the apparent law of life, but Tancred, and through him the author, reject it in favor of their own law.

IDYLLS OF THE KING. By *Alfred Tennyson* (Modern Readers' Series). Macmillan.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND BEAUTY. By *Edward Doyle*. Manhattan & Bronx Advocate, 1712 Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y. City.

GOING TO THE STARS. By *Vachel Lindsay*. Macmillan. $2.

EVE PASSES. By *George Thayer*. Vinal.

OVERTURE. By *Rufus Ansley*. Vinal.

I COME SINGING. By *H. Thompson Rich*. Vinal.

MODERN FRENCH POETRY. Compiled and translated by *Joseph T. Shipley*. Greenberg. $3.

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENERATION. By *Robert McAlmon*. Paris: Three Mountains Press.

POETRY AND CRITICISM. By *Edith Sitwell*. Holt. $1.50.

MAGIC CASEMENTS. Compiled by *George S. Corhart* and *Paul A. McGhee*. Macmillan.

A BOOK OF STUDENT VERSE. Written at State College for Teachers, Albany, N. Y. Selected by *R. Kirtland*.

AMHERST UNDERGRADUATE VERSE. Compiled by *David Morton*. Marshall Jones.

NEPONTHE. By *A. W. G.* Princeton, N. J.

Religion

THE DIVINE ART OF LIVING. Compiled by MARY M. RABB. From the Writings of Abdu'l-Baba. Brentanos. 1926. $1.50.

It is doubtful if a universal religion will ever be possible or even desirable, but it is not surprising that the adherents of Bahaism cherish such a hope. Theirs is probably the only popular religion free from superstition; it engages in no foolish war with science; its ethical code—which includes the best from Christianity—is lofty without narrowness; it has its prophets and martyrs and its sacred books, the sayings of Baha'u'llah, and the writings of Abdu'l-Baha. Those interested will find in the compilation by Mary M. Rabb many noble and inspiring passages.

THE GOD OF THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN. By *Daniel Sommer Robinson*. Appleton. $2.

JESUS THE NAZARENE. By *Maurice Goguel*. Appleton. $3.

LEXIKON TO THE SYRIAC NEW TESTAMENT. By *William Jennings*. Revised by Ulric Gantillon. Oxford University Press.

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS. By *Walter Grace Smith*. Putnam. $5.

RELIGION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF WLLIAM JAMES. By *Julius Seelye Bixler*. Marshall Jones. $3.

HUMANSIM. By *Curtis W. Reese*. Open Court. $1.

THE GOD OF THE LUCKY. By *Samuel W. Purvis*. Philadelphia: National Publishing Co. $1.25.

BEHIND THE THIRD GOSPEL. By *Vincent Taylor*. Oxford University Press. $5.50.

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated by *William Tyndale*. Facsimile of the Unique Fragment of the Uncompleted Cologne Edition. Oxford University Press. $7.

ISRAEL AND BABYLON. By *W. Lansdell Wardle*. Revell. $2.50.

OUR LORD'S EARTHLY LIFE. By *David Smith*. Doran. $3 net.

THE HOLY BIBLE: A New Translation. By *James Moffitt*. New Edition. Doran. $5 net.

LANDMARKS IN THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION. Doran. $2 net.

WHAT LAYMEN WANT. By *Edwin Tenney Brewster*. Four Seas. $1.25.

THE DAY OF LOVE. By *Henrik Cass*. Forest Hills, L. I.: Hasselrüs.

CHRISTIANITY AND NATURALISM. By *Robert Shafer*. Yale University Press. $4.

THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE. By *Joseph Fort Newton*. Doran. $2.

THE LIFE OF SAINT PAUL. By *F. J. Foakes-Jackson*. Boni & Liveright. $4.

Science

THE GIST OF EVOLUTION. By H. H. NEWMAN. Macmillan. 1926.

In 150 pages, the author presents not only the evidences of evolution which have been set forth in essentially the same form by many other authors, but also a brief discussion of genetics and the theories which explain how evolution has been brought about, such as Lamarckism, Darwinism, mutations, orthogenesis, and the various isolation theories. A brief introduction stimulated by the Scopes trial which the author attended, discusses the conflict between science and theology and explains clearly the opposition of the Fundamentalists to Evolution.

REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS. By THOMAS BARBOUR. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.50.

Dr. Barbour, the curator of reptiles and amphibia in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard, has succeeded admirably in this volume in producing a work which ought to dispel much of the senseless prejudice against the lower terrestrial vertebrates. Part of the material of the book was gathered together for a course of lectures in the Lowell Institute of Boston. The volume contains a large amount of information regarding the adaptations of these animals and their natural history presented in untechnical terms. The illustrations are a particularly pleasing part of the work.

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College of the City of New York

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The New Books

Science

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE AQUARIUM BOOK. By E. G. BOULENGER. Appleton. 1926.

This is a delightful account of the more interesting animals represented in the Aquarium of the Zoölogical Society in Regents Park, London. In addition to the sections on the various tanks exhibited, there is a good account of the care of the aquarium and the feeding of the occupants.

Travel

ROLLING AROUND THE WORLD—FOR FUN. By STANTON HOPE. 1926. Doran. $5.

Mr. Hope started out, as he says, "while the wine of youth ran richly in the veins, the fetters of responsibility rested lightly and the twin fires of energy and enthusiasm flamed high" to see the world. In Western Canada he plucked splinters of the sawmill from his fingers at night, shovelled feet of snow from the precipitous roof of a summer hotel, rode, hanging like a monkey, from the bottom of a freight car, enjoyed a holiday in town after many months of backwood labor and experienced actual destitution. From panning gold in Alaska and riding surf boards in Hawaii he goes to Japan and is entertained by a Sumurai descendant whose daughter insists he should bid her goodbye in "the English way of kissing." He is nursed through typhoid by the only nurse he ever remembers as having had violet eyes and red hair. At the end he can write "Travel has brought no disillusionment. I am still glad I set out to see the world in the springtime of life. It is a wonderful old planet, and, on the whole, thank God! there is a great deal more good than ill in the hearts of its inhabitants." This is a fair specimen of the prose style of what is, none the less, a highly stimulating and enjoyable book which carries the reader to most corners of the modern world.

THE SPELL OF LONDON. By *H. V. Morton*. Brentanos. $1.50.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

THE VERDICT OF BRIDLEGOOSE. By *Llewelyn Powys* (Harcourt-Brace).

JORGENSEN. By *Tristram Tupper*. (Lippincott)

LAUGHING ANNE. By *A. P. Herbert*. (Doubleday, Page).

G. S. S., Chicago, Ill., asks which of the many popular books on "evolution" he should select.

AS I do not know the background of this inquirer's reading and experience, I am using his question as the reason for printing a list of recent books on this subject, all of interest in their several ways, for people of various standpoints and I. Q.'s, from this G. S. S., C. J., Leominster, Mass., and other readers who have asked questions like this, may safely make selections to suit their needs.

"Evolution," by Vernon Kellogg (Appleton), is up-to-date, authoritative, and interesting to the general reader. "Contributions of Science to Religion," edited by Dr. Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago (Appleton), is by a number of scientists and religious leaders: it is very good for distressed Christians. "Evolution and the Bible," by Edwin G. Conklin; "How Science Helps our Faith," by Shailer Mathews, and "Evolution and Mr. Bryan," by Harry Emerson Fosdick, are three leaflets, liberal and conservative, of the "Science of Religion" series published by the American Institute of Sacred Literature, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill., 2 cents each. Valuable books are "Heredity and Environment," by Edwin G. Conklin (Princeton University Press); "Science and Human Affairs," by Winterton G. Curtis, professor of Zoology at the University of Missouri (Harcourt, Brace), and the chapter on "The Meaning of Evolution," by Professor John M. Coulter, University of Chicago, in "Science Remaking the World" (Doubleday, Page). "Evolution for John Doe," by Henshaw Ward (Bobbs-Merrill), is very popular and readable, "Evolution and Christianity," by William M. Goldsmith, Big Blue Book No. B—14, Haldeman-Julius, Girard, Kan., very cheap and useful. "The Dogma of Evolution," by Professor L. T. More (Princeton University Press), is anti-evolution philosophy but not fundamentalists. For those interested in the Dayton affair, "Bryan and Darrow at Dayton" (Arthur Lee, N. Y.), consists of the court records and other documents of the Scopes trial in July, 1925, edited and compiled by Leslie H. Allen.

For Catholic readers, "The Problem of Evolution," by Professor Erich Wasmann (Herder, St. Louis), and the article on "Evolution" in the Catholic Encyclopædia, by the same author, a competent biologist, are fair and moderate. "Darwinism and Catholic Thought" is by Henri de Dorlodot (Benziger): Canon Dorlodot, of the orthodox university of Louvain, says Darwinism is quite compatible with Catholic theology. In "The Case Against Evolution," G. B. O'Toole (Macmillan), an anti-book from the Catholic standpoint, there is sharp and not altogether undeserved criticism of "missing link" discoveries.

J. L. M., San Juan, Porto Rico, asks for books of travel or anything that would interest a woman's club in San Juan studying the West Indies. The books should be suitable for library use. The same question came some weeks before from Montebello, Quebec.

THIS collection will start from the location of the first club built on the cornerstone of "Porto Rico," by Knowlton Mixer (Macmillan), a handbook complete with every sort of information, and include "Porto Rican Profiles," by Carline D. Appleton, lately come from Doubleday, Page. "The Book of the West Indies," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Dutton), is a compendium of the whole subject, a standard work constantly recommended by travel agencies. Mr. Verrill's "In the Wake of the Buccaneers" (Century), is a large and handsomely illustrated account of cruising about the Caribbees in search of traces and relics of pirate days. Harry Franck's "Roaming Through the West Indies" (Century), is another favorite; his methods of travel and of making friends lend themselves to this locality. "Sailing South," by Philip S. Marden (Houghton Mifflin), is an entertaining account of a cruise that included the West Indies: another such is "In Search of El Dorado" (Appleton), in which Stephen Graham takes modern travelers over the track of Columbus and the conquistadores. There is a big book with many pictures about "The Virgin Islands," by DeBooy and Faris (Lippincott), and one on "Cuba, Past and Present," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Dodd, Mead), while the "Guide to the West Indies," by Frederick Ober (Dodd, Mead), is a standard work for field use by tourists.

Haiti burst into contemporary literature with a bang some six weeks ago, when Blair Niles's "Black Haiti" (Putnam), with the sub-title "Africa's Eldest Daughter," made its appearance. As literature, as information for the intending traveler—who needs it for a part of the world barricaded by misinformation—as a contribution to anthropology, and as sheer entertainment the book ranks high in American travel literature. From the palace of Emperor Christophe and further back by dancing and drumming to glimpses of authentic voodoo, on to a present day truthfully described, the story moves from one episode to another, and photographs like paintings go with the story. A novel lately brought back to print by Knopf, "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," by Haldane Macfall, must be added to this collection. Taking place on the island of Barbados—"B'bayados"—all the characters are black or shaded, from irresistible Jezebel and romantic Masheen Dyle to the sinister forces of obeah always in the background—and what a dance there is in the course of that obeah! It beats "Batouala."

It seems a pity to come as near to Yucatan as this and not speak of one of the most absorbing books of recent travel, "The City of the Sacred Well," by T. A. Willard (Century). Here the style is unimportant; the interest centers in a report, by one who followed his work for twenty years, of the discoveries of "Don Eduardo," Edward H. Thompson, in the dead city of the ancient Mayas, Chicken-Itza, and more especially the hair-raising account of his exploration, first by dredging, later in a diver's suit, of the Sacred Well. Into this were thrown in prehistoric sacrifices not only human victims whose skeletons are now brought back, but treasures of every sort, here appearing in photographs of extraordinary interest. The interest aroused by this book may be further satisfied in "Mystery Cities," by Thomas Gann (Scribner), who has been exploring Maya remains in British Honduras.

R. S. H., Marcellus, N. Y., asks for books about Bermuda, for an intending traveller.

IF you know the "Rider's Guide" to New York, or the one to Washington, you will feel safe with the Rider "Bermuda: a Guidebook for Travellers" (Macmillan), so high is the standard of these American Baedekers. "Bermuda, Past and Present," by Walter R. Hayward (Dodd, Mead), is a recent handbook with information enough for a brief visit and plenty of material for a historical background—something that counts for a great deal in a trip to this enchanted isle, the "Stillvexed Bermoother."

S. P. H., Indianapolis, Ind., asks if the American abroad is now receiving attention in fiction as he did in the days of James and of Howells, or of "Pierre de Coulevain."

BRAND WHITLOCK'S "Uprooted" (Appleton) is the leader in a group of novels that could readily be assembled from quite recent fiction, taking a special interest in the effect upon Americans of a stay, brief or protracted, in foreign parts. In Mr. Whitlock's novel the hero belongs in Paris, wherever he may have begun his earthly career—in Paris the old city, the city of light. He will never feel French save when he is in America on a visit, but he will never again be truly at home in the United States. The leading lady, however, is only caught in tourist-traps, pulls out with some difficulty and will for the rest of her life have in America, if not a home at least a permanent address. Around these circle oversea Americans in varying de-

(*Continued on next page*)

WELL MET!

DID you ever consider THE SATURDAY REVIEW to be a literary "climber"? Few, if any, of our readers have. It's only here in the intimate circle of the circulation department that we make the admission. We are more avidly desirous of getting the proper sort of introductions than the most ambitious of social climbers.

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Points of View

An Osler Examination

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

After reading "Second Best" in the Bowling Green in your issue of May first, I wondered if you had ever seen the examination questions which were gotten out on Sir William Osler's Textbook in Medicine. If you knew Dr. Osler and were fond of him as all of us who grew up in Baltimore were, you would appreciate how amused he was at these questions and the answers are really all in his Textbook in Medicine. Here they are:

An Examination Paper on Osler

There seems to be a certain monotony about medical examinations, so we suggest the following by way of variety:

Who was Mephtbosheth? What parental superstition dates from his time?

What is "one of the saddest chapters in the history of human deception?"

Give in full the name of "the distinguished old Bath physician." At what period did he flourish and what is his claim to distinction?

As a sequence to what therapeutic procedure did the son of Prof. Langerhans die? What was the pathological and medico-legal interest in the case?

Who was convinced that more wise men than fools are victims of gout? Is there any reason why he, in particular, should hold that view?

What internal evidence is there:

(a) That Osler has had an unhappy experience with cheap bicycles.

(b) That he is interested in the history of Napoleon Buonaparte?

How did Eryximachus treat the hiccough of Aristophanes?

What interest attaches to:

The Pullman car conductor from Chicago?

The Appleton-Swain family?

Yellow cakes at Philadelphia?

Chancellor Ferrier?

Master McGrath?

Renforth the Oarsman?

Shattocks patient?

(From St. Thomas Hospital Gazette, London, March, 1902.)

JOSEPHINE H. KENYON, M.D.
New York.

The Intelligentsia

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The anonymous reviewer who discussed Floyd Dell's "Intellectual Vagabondage" in the issue of May 15 seems to be prejudiced against the *intelligentsia.* I have no dictionary at hand which defines the term, but I am pretty sure it *doesn't* mean "those who rank ideas by their currency rather than by their validity" . . . Take the term "intellectual vagabond," however, and Emerson himself will give you a good definition. (You see he was a intellectual vagabond of his day, though now regarded as a perfectly respectable philosopher.) "I unsettle all things. No facts to me are sacred; none are profane. I simply experiment, an endless seeker wit hno Past at my back."

And if it isn't too incongruous to quote Kipling at the same time—

There's a race of men who don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin
And they roam the world at will.

Isn't that what these intellectual vagabonds do in the world of ideas? . . . True, they often break the hearts of their conservative kith and kin, but they open up new countries of thought and make them habitable.

And having tried new theories, they know exactly where the weakness of each theory lies. They perceive the rigid narrowness of Atheism as a creed; they observe, in experiments with "free love," that "freedom is often coercive." They find the doctrine of Anarchism rather feeble and ineffectual. They discover that workingmen do not want to overthrow Capitalism —they want lace curtains and pianos in their homes.

"It is to be hoped there were some who lived outside the killing fevers of the *intelligentsia* circles," says the reviewer Fevers are incident to the opening up of new countries. They are not always killing. I have heard "old settlers" describe the "fever and ague" of early days in Kansas. The narrators, at least, had lived through it.

I know Mr. Dell does not intimate that he regards the *intelligentsia* as pioneers conquering new countries. He represents them rather as wandering in the wilderness. But pioneers and discoverers are often quite unaware of the value of their findings. Some of them, like Spanish Coronado, are disgusted with the country they explore, and march back to safer lands. But they open the way.

Mr. Dell hopes that the younger generation may be able to produce a literature that will, among other things, "help them to love generously, to work honestly, to think clearly, to fight bravely, to live nobly." . . . It seems like an extravagant hope. The younger generation will probably blunder around in much the same manner as its predecessors. But they may blunder into some achievement, at that.

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM
Chanute, Kansas.

"Something to Cuss"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

This letter should not be written; I know that well enough. But I'm only sinning after the manner of many others, who don't know it. I have now taken *The Saturday Review* for about two years and I can say conscientiously that I've cussed every number. But I have always known that I was not ready to write anything about it and what I say now cannot be more than a largely incoherent explosion because that's what I feel all the time. But Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke said such a pertinent thing about Theodore Dreiser in a recent issue that I'm going to fizz a bit if I don't explode with a bang. For what he says is a mere splinter beside the rived rail I would use on Henry Seidel Canby's whole gang. I refer, of course, to his contention that the matter of an author's work may be so great that to give any conscious attention to petty details of its manner would seem almost sacrilegious. I don't know a thing about Dreiser's novels: I am interested only in diverting Ficke's defensive thrust straight into the marrow of Canby's whole pack of critics and contributors. For doesn't the entire sheet bear the telltale mark of the fastidious fool who is always too much concerned about the manner ever to grow brains enough to attempt any matter of much importance? Always the manner is uppermost, and what do we get? Pretty little nothings of almost inconsequential jargon in verse, for one; rampant hyper-profane indigestible gobs labelled humor, for another. One seems intent on choosing the littlest theme possible; the other, on going as far into the limbo of infernal realism as language and slave-driven punctuation can carry. I swear, I say, at both. And when I try to be good and charitable I wind up by cussin' myself for being too lenient. In the whole time that I have taken the *Review* it has published just two worth while poems—and I've read 'em all. Both rang true; the rest were conceived in sin and never had a birthright.

But now instead of the book which somebody ought to write about this sort of thing, I shall try to put in three sentences all that my present high pressure will permit. (1) All poetry—and some other things which I can't mention here—falls roughly into two groups. (2) Really great poetry has something to say and says it because it must; all the rest is concerned mainly with trying to persuade you that it is real poetry by telling you what it is not. (3) When a man demonstrates to me that he is not a skunk I do not therefore conclude that he is an angel.

That's my book on poetry; now for the critics. What they need most is to pitch hay. If there is any disease known to man the cure of which demands his utter ignorance of having it, that disease is literary criticism. A critic really becomes serviceable in just about the degree that he forgets his profession. Take John Burroughs chapter, "The Flight of the Eagle," as an example. No, I don't believe a lot of it. But it's mighty fine and even some of its exaggerations somehow enable me ever after to see better where Walt is genuine and where he's not. But all this interminable twaddle about subjects deserving a column in the *Review* but stretched out to fill four or five—as if the space had to be filled somehow—oh, I try to read them, honestly, I do. I say to myself, "Surely there must be something in this when such high lights write it." And so I hammer and sweat and sleep over it and—go on cussin'. If ever there lived a critic who really ever saw the psychology back of all good writing I have never heard of him—and I know he never writes for the *Review.* And yet that really is the only intelligent method of attack. Might as well shut up shop and quit cobbling shoes if you have no last.

And then that other thing we hear so much about—oh, yes, speak out strong and just let the author know you enjoy whalin' him. By heck, you can't say I ain't doin' it! But hold on a bit till I tell you something. I'm ready just to swallow every word I've said and get down in sackcloth and ashes before any creative writer. I'm talking about critics now and there's a lot about literary criticism that seems never to have been dreamed of yet. Some of it is in a well thought-out conclusion after a study of what Santayana has to say about æsthetic types in his book "The Sense of Beauty." Much more of it is in that almost superhuman state of goodness in which you really forget absolutely ever to say smart things when criticizing an author. If there is any kind of writing which demands that one forget his own existence it is critical writing. One can always be emphatic without being any one of a dozen insulting things that most critics are prone to become. Courtesy may not classify as a weapon but even in its least rôle it is a great armor against counter attack.

Oh, I mean no flimsy substitutes for real destructive criticism where it is called for. But this need not be brayed. If I had it by me, I am sure that I could quickly find some wretched descriptive writing in that much-praised book "The White Monkey." And as a further example of how further to criticize that book, I would take the worst faults of this author and show how, to me at least, that white monkey is really his own picture. It all reads like he didn't care a damn for a single one of his characters. And his plays read likewise. Oh, yes, some fine philosophies, I readily grant. But regard for a philosophy and regard for a person are very different things and it has always seemed to me that one of the prime requisites of an artist is that he be sympathetic. If Galsworthy has an ounce of sympathy in him I have never found it, though his situations cry to Heaven for it.

But to resume, when a critic has at last learned that he's just a hay-hand like the rest of us, when by some miracle he has forgotten to be smart, and when he has done all that in him lies to deal justly with his subject, then last and always should he make it clear that he himself is a seeker for more light and that if he has overpraised or underdamned he has no other feeling than sorrow for his sin. That is, there must be candor and a tolerant spirit. And here endeth my diatribe. "If I have wrongfully exacted aught from any man I restore fourfold." So while I seem likely to go on cussin' the REVIEW, I shall also continue to read it, hoping that somehow sometimes I may find the great unknown, unmourned deficiency in my being and with it the perfect cure therefor.

J. C. NICHOLSON.
Vero Beach, Fla.

P.S. I suppose I should add that I always find in the *Review* something that pleases, as for instance, the article about Bret Harte in the last issue. But I always find something to "cuss" too as I do such inconsequential piffle as *The Cottonmouth.*

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

grees of detachment. "Possible Husbands," by Arthur Tuckerman (Doubleday, Page), presents the more striking contrasts between American and European social customs, especially as they affect the daughters of a newly rich American couple. "They Had to See Paris," by Homer Croy (Harper) is a sort of contemporary "Innocents Abroad," the whole family goes over to see the sights, having struck it rich. I am reminded of the wise conclusion of Harry Foster in "A Tropical Tramp with the Tourists" (Dodd, Mead) that "the American tourist seldom annoys anybody except the American resident." But how completely he does that, only the resident could tell you.

"The Little Less," by Aishie Pharall (Appleton), is the post-war Vienna, and most of its people are English residents whose gaieties are favored by the rate of exchange, but there is an American gentleman who though not the favored suitor shows up very well in matters of character and conduct. Speaking of post-war Vienna, Edith O'Shaughnessy's exquisite "Vienna Medley" is now brought out again by Harcourt, Brace. It should go down in history as a record of a brief but unforgettable period. "Plain Americans," by Mary Helen Fee (McClurg), marries one of the daughters of a Chicago family to an Earl and takes her to England and through the war. The other daughter starts a "Save America" movement and the narrative ends in an outburst of somewhat petulant patriotism.

Edith Wharton's resident Americans, of whom there is a typical family in "A Son at the Front" (Scribner), are always drawn with impartial but sympathetic accuracy. Going a trifle further back, there is Gertrude Hall's noble novel "Aurora the Magnificent" (Century)—it is our loss that this and her "The Truth About Camilla" are no longer in print. And in all essential points those monuments of the national spirit, Hanry James's "The American" and "Daisy Miller" still stand the test.

H. C., New York, asks about the authenticity of the writings included in a volume called "The Lost Books of the Bible," lately published in this city and widely advertised. He says: "It is stated to contain writings pertaining to the boyhood of Jesus, topics that He discussed with the Doctors in the Temple, the Birth and Training of Mary, and a great deal of other information which I had never known was in existence."

I HAVE not seen the book itself, but according to the table of contents as advertised it is a popularization of works all of them long known. That which is advertised as "Pontius Pilate's Own Version of the Trial and Crucifixion" is an ancient and notorious historical forgery. With the exception of the "original" Apostles' Creed and the group of the later pieces known as the "Apostolic Fathers," the books listed in the advertisement are all apocryphal or pseudepigraphical, the latter term meaning that they pretend to be written by some famous men who never wrote them. If each part of this collection is prefaced with exact historical notes—the comments in the newspaper notice are not—the volume will be worth what any edition of old writings is worth, but unless it is more cautious in its statements than the advertisement it will tend to revive superstitions long since discarded by scholars and church authorities, both of the Roman Catholic, and of the Protestants. The "Acts of Paul and Thecla," for instance were condemned as apocryphal and their authors solemnly anathematized, as early as the end of the fifth century.

The "Catholic Encyclopædia," under "Apocrypha," gives in a well subdivided article of sixteen pages just the sort of information needed for a survey of this subject. It tells about some fifteen of the twenty "lost books" mentioned: the others are not lost books in any sense. No one, for instance, ever claimed that the letters of St. Ignatius of Antioch to the people of Smyrna and of Tralles were parts of the Canon. "The Lost Gospel," by Arthur Train (Scribner) has nothing to do with this; it is a romance dealing with a supposed fifth Gospel, today discovered. The instant popularity of this story shows the strong interest in the subject.

C. M. M., Parsons, Pa., and G. F. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., ask for books about the Greek philosophers and their works.

A GREAT work on this subject is John Burnet's "Early Greek Philosophy," whose third edition, entirely rewritten, was published by Macmillan in 1920. Having put this on the record and mentioned that it costs $8, I add that I gather from the first inquirer's letter that what he is after is something like the chatty pages of Diogenes Laertius, whose "Lives of Eminent Philosophers," known to most of us through the Bohn Library of classical cribs, has just been added in three volumes to the Loeb Classical Library, where according to to the habit of this invaluable enterprise the original text appears on the opposite page from the English version. The atmosphere, the liveliness, the quotations, the personal gossip keep the book ever green. There has lately appeared "How to Understand Philosophy," by A. E. Baker (Doran), a little volume that I shall often have occasion to recommend to inquirers: it is the type of book that is the despair of specialists and the desired of plain citizens, whose interest in metaphysical matters did not awaken until they were past the age for formal education: in short, it is a sweep through the history of philosophy in pages few enough to go into the pocket.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

TROLLOPE FIRST EDITIONS

AT a recent sale at Hodgson's, in London, there was a run of 61 lots of first editions of Anthony Trollope, in the original cloth, uncut, and in fair second-hand condition. Some of the rarer lots and the prices realized were the following: "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," 3 vols., 1847, £56; "The Kelly and the O'Kelly's," 3 vols., 1848, defective copy, £33; "La Vendee, an Historical Romance," 3 vols., 1850, £26; "The Warden," 1855, first issue, £26; "The Three Clerks," 1858, £28; "Barchester Towers," 3 vols., 1857, poor copy, £25; "Dr. Thorne," 3 vols., 1858, £32; "Rachel Ray," 2 vols., 1863, £16; "The Belton Estate," 3 vols., 1866, £22; "The Last Chronicle of Barset," illustrations by G. H. Thomas, in the original 32 weekly numbers, with all the wrappers, 1866-67, £17 15s.; "Lotta Schmidt, and Other Stories," 1867, first issue, £23. There has been an increasing interest in recent years in the first editions of Trollope, and this interest has been quite as keen in America as in Great Britain. It is probable that if these books had been sold in New York they would have brought even higher prices than they did in London.

NO. 3 OF ARS TYPOGRAPHICA

THE third number of *Ars Typographica* has been issued and is particularly valunable to the typographer for the large number of views by experts of the latest publications relating to the art of printing, which are not reviewed by many of the other printing publications, probably because review copies are not sent out due to their cost. The leading article in the current number is by Frederick W. Goudy, on "The Roman Alphabet: Its Origin and Asthetic Development." This is a scholarly monograph of our greatest type designer, and is fully illustrated by lettering from the Trajan Column and of some original letter designs by Leonardo da Vinci never before published. Mr. McMurtrie, the editor, contributes an interesting article on "The First Printing in South America, with a facsimile of the first piece of printing produced in the New World, reproduced from the unique copy in the John Carter Brown Library, with a note on the printer, Antonio Ricardi, and his work at Mexico City and Lima, Peru." This scholarly and beautifully printed quarterly, although not yet a year old, has won a high place in its special field. The collecter interested in fine printing, and the typographer in the history and practice of his art, alike find it invaluable.

HENKELS' ANNOUNCEMENT

THE first catalogue of the famous auction house of Stan V. Henkels & Son, of Philadelphia, to appear since the death of Stan. V. Henkels, the dean of American book auctioneers, last April, was issued for a sale of engravings, etchings, and sporting prints sold last Thursday. It was accompanied with an announcement by Stan. V. Henkels, Jr., which will be of interest to a large number of collectors and dealers who have had most pleasant relations with this auction house. Mr. Henkels says:

"Having been associated with my father in business for twenty years; having for the last two years cried the sales and made the catalogues and having benefited by his fifty-four years' experience and superior knowledge of the values of manuscripts, autographs, engravings, relics and objects of art, I intend to carry on the business he founded and so ably conducted. I ask a continuance of the support of the friends we have already made, and I invite all who have any literary property to dispose of to intrust its sale to me. I promise to devote my best efforts and my twenty years experience to its most advantageous disposal."

SCHOMBURG COLLECTION

THE New York Public Library has announced that the Schomburg collection of books, prints, autographs, and manuscripts of the negro, consisting of several thousand items, recently purchased by the Carnegie Foundation, will be catalogued and made accessible to the public at the 135th Street branch library. The collection, made by Arthur Schomburg, was bought by the Carnegie Foundation at the suggestion of the National Urban League, and an advisory committee, of which Mr. Schomburg is a member, has been appointed to aid in keeping the collection intact, and to plan for its growth.

NOTE AND COMMENT

BASIL BLACKWELL of London will shortly publish "The Book of Robert Southwell," by Christabel Hood, who includes a biography of the sixteenth century poet, as well as a new edition of his works. The text follows the manuscript of the poems in the British Museum.

⁂

The three most valuable private libraries ever sold at auction in this country were those of Robert Hoe, sold in 1911-1912, which brought $1,932,056.60; Herschel V. Jones, in 1918-1919, $391,854.60; and John L. Clawson, last month, $642,687.50. All three collections were dispersed by the Anderson Galleries.

⁂

The auction season of 1925-1926 will be famous in bibliographical annals for its dramatic ending. Never before did a season on either side of the Atlantic close with a sale of such commanding importance, and in which the collectors of the English speaking world were so widely and intensely interested. And we are not likely to see another season end with a four-day sale aggregating over $640,000 very soon either.

⁂

The current catalogue of James F. Drake, Inc., of this city, contains 117 pages, listing the first editions of 250 representative modern authors, and numbering more than 5,000 items. We do not recall any other bookseller's catalogue where so much up-to-date information in regard to values in this special field are given in such compact space. The collector of first editions of modern authors should not lose any time in adding this important catalogue to his working bibliography.

⁂

The latest volume of the literary remains of Lafcadio Hearn to come from the press is a further compilation of articles written by him while on the staffs of the New Orleans *Item* and the *Times Democrat*, covering the years 1878 to 1887, and bearing the title "Editorials" and the imprint of Houghton Mifflin Company. The volume is edited by Charles Woodward Hutson, who is also responsible for three earlier publications, "Fantastics," "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist," and "Creole Sketches."

⁂

A new volume of verse by Phineas Fletcher, edited by Miss Ethel Seaton, will shortly be published by the Oxford University Press, under the title "Venus and Anchises and Other Poems." The text, which is accompanied with an introduction and a critical apparatus, is printed from the manuscript discovered by the editor by accident in the library of Sion College. Its chief point of interest is that "Venus and Anchises," now established beyond a doubt as the work of Fletcher, is the same as "Brittain's Ida," falsely attributed to Spenser.

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LOOKING back now on the achievements of *Amundsen* and *Lincoln Ellsworth* in trans-Polar flight, we call your attention to two books on polar subjects, which still remain of interest. You now have *Fitzhugh Green's* "Peary," but do you know his "Z R Wins," written before the North Pole was visited so often? Curiously enough it is the tale of an attempt to find the pole by dirigible. The central figure in the novel, a Lieutenant Eppley, is fired with the conviction that up in the unexplored area northeast of Alaska in the Polar Sea lies a continent inhabited perhaps by the descendants of the lost Norwegian colonies settled in Greenland centuries ago. Compare the flight of the "Norge"—which, we understand is pronounced like "George"—and Amundsen's own statement after his flight was accomplished. * * * Another book of Arctic adventure, actual this time, is "The Teddy Expedition," by *Kai R. Dahl*. The "Teddy" was the ship that sailed from Denmark to visit stations of the East Greenland company and to make observations on the East Coast for possible colonization. * * * The inadequacy of the ship's engine halted them and the expedition took refuge on an ice floe. * * * These two books are published by Appleton. * * * Now definitely announced for publication in the fall is the second volume of *Sir Sidney Lee's* "King Edward VII." It was completed shortly before Sir Sidney's death last March. * * * Do you remember that there was a good deal of fuss made when Sir Sidney published his contribution on King Edward in the Dictionary of National Biography? It quickly died down—for King George himself requested that Sir Sidney be entrusted with the full biography. * * * Macmillan published the first volume last Spring and will now bring out the second. * * * *Tony Sarg's* book of humorous views of New York in color will appear through Greenberg, Inc., in the latter part of July. It was first announced for publication last fall, and is entitled "Tony Sarg's New York." * * * We know now that *Sylvia Townsend Warner* is the niece of *Arthur Machen*, but we were apprised later of the fact that *F. J. Hudleston* author of "Warriors in Undress" is the brother-in-law of *Mrs. Arthur Machen*. * * * It is rumored that he is a two-bottle man. * * * Now that *Robertus Love's* "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James" is out through Putnam, of interest is the fact that this competent director of the book section of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* sends us three exhibits to prove that he is still being addressed as *Miss* Robertus Love, and resents it. * * * He doesn't mind so much that *James Tregaskis*, book-dealer of London, should fall into this error. But the Century Company has taken two swipes at him in this regard, and he advises them to study elementary Latin. * * * *Et tu, Centurion!* he cries to us, who used to be one. * * * The Collection "Leurs Amours," *Ernest Flammarion*, Éditeur, has been called to our attention. The number of thousands that these "élégants volumes de bibliotheque" have sold is interesting,—and to compare one with another, we note that, for instance, "La Vie Amoureuse de *Messaline*" is only in its seventh thousand, while "La Vie Amoureuse de *Richard Wagner*" is in its fifteenth and "Une Aventure Amoureuse de *Monsieur de Tourville*" in its thirtieth. * * * *The Pompadour* has sold over twice as much as the *Cleopatra*,—and, as a matter of fact, the *Empress Josephine* has "Egypt" lashed to the mast. * * * *Casanova* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* trail Josephine. * * * But poor old *Messalina!* Here she is running behind even *Alfred de Musset*. * * * Poor old Messalina—and she had quite a lot in her day. * * * We have received the first issue (of May 11) of the *Carmel Cymbal*, from our ancient stamping-ground, Carmel, California. * * * We learn from it that *Pierre Matisse*, son of the famous painter, was pleased with the primitive life of Carmel, when he visited it several months ago. * * * And they have the Abalone Baseball League out there now. * * * But take not the abalone's name in vain,—we still retain gustatory memories of it that make the quick tears fall, and of *George Sterling's* abalone-hunting song,—we think it was *Mrs. Ernest Boyd* who also avouched a memory of it some weeks ago at a party for *Tennessee Anderson*. * * * And, in our memories of the Coast, after you had consumed the well—and mightily—pounded abalone you sat out of an evening overlooking the valley of the Moon and sipped a golden muscadel. * * * Or you gathered indoors—for California nights are keen—in front of the most generous fireplace in the state. * * * And talked. * * * And sang. * * * And *Sinclair Lewis* was then going East to get a job on *The Volta Review*, which was a magazine edited in Washington, D. C., for those hard o' hearin'. * * * My, my, the days! * * * "Savonarola, a Dramatic Poem" recently published in England by *R. Cobden-Sanderson*, is written by *Charlotte Eliot* and bears an introduction by *T. S. Eliot*. * * * We understand that the author is the introducer's mother. * * * In the *University of Virginia Record Extension Series*, there comes to us a brochure entitled "Facts About Poe." * * * Herein are portraits and daugerreotypes (in reproduction) of *Edgar Allan Poe* by *Amanda Fogue Schulte*, together with a sketch of the life of Poe by *James Southall Wilson*. * * * The pamphlet is, of course, published by the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Virginia. * * * It is well worth the quarter which is all you have to send for it. * * * In the May number of *Voices*, *Harold Vinal* featured about forty-seven sonnets by various hands. * * * And the average of execution was notably high. * * * His little poetry magazine is most attractive in format and well-edited. * * * Scribner has got out a new popular edition of "*Benvenuto Cellini*: His Autobiography," translated by *John Addington Symonds*, and The Century Company have produced a third edition of "Century Readings in American Literature" by *Fred Lewis Pattee*, Professor of American Literature at the Pennsylvania State College. * * * "The Story of Philosophy," by *Will Durant, Ph.D.*, has lately come from Simon and Schuster, an attractive large book that should be popular, as is its intent. * * * There is one table in it, "Of Philosophic Affiliations," which is a very graphic chart. * * * Here you trace the descent of all the great philosophers. You hark back to *Herclitus*, *Parmenides*, the Sophists, and so on,—and come right down to our own day of *Bergson*, *Croce*, *Eucken*, *James*, *Dewey*, *Russell*, and *Santayana*. * * * *Harriet Monroe's* "Poets and Their Art" (Macmillan) is a book that all American poets and all lovers of poetry in America will wish to look over. * * * Many of the pieces are collected from Miss Monroe's strenuous writing in her own magazine, *Poetry*. * * * And she reveals not inconsiderable power of perspective and balance. * * * We regard as most unfortunate the attack on a young instructor of English, *Hal Saunders White*, with a good reputation as scholar, teacher, and poet, for a poem lacking in taste and certainly undistinguished, but as certainly harmless which appeared in one of the suppressed copies of *The New Masses*. If the universities propose to affiliate with literature they must be prepared for an occasional indiscretion; otherwise they will have only the dead upon their literary faculties. We are glad (as a Yale man) that the attack did not come from Yale, where Mr. White is now teaching; and in our protest against such half-cock judgments we speak for the other editors of this *Review*. The *New Masses* may be politically offensive to some, as it is often offensive to our taste in art; but a contributor is responsible only for his own contribution. The alleged indecency of this little poem would have passed unnoticed except in a mealy-mouthed age, and if it be an offense to say that women may become more liberal in their love, why many a good philosopher now writing will be damned. * * * The wife of the late *Cecil Chesterton*, who was the brother of *G. K.*, has brought out "In Darkest London," through Macmillan. * * * Her brief foreword to it states that she never believed the glib assertions that a woman who is willing to work may always find employment. "I decided to see what would happen if I started from zero with nothing but my personality to stand on. In the course of my travels I met with many adventures and amazing kindliness; but over and above all this, I proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that for a woman to get employment, in any recognized calling, without reference or status of some sort, is tragically impossible. How then does the outcast live?" * * * This is a brave woman's book and a constructive one, with its material gathered at first hand. * * * It is also a vivid narrative. * * * Heineman is putting forth the Golden Pine Edition of certain of *Swinburne's* works, imported by Scribner. * * * These are little books easily slipped into the pocket. * * * So, adieu for this week!

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